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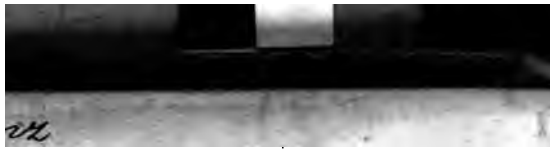

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No 21

Ottawa

MENTAL RECREATIONS:

OR,

Poetical Eſſays

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY ISAAC GUMLEY.

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Auſterity offends aſpiring Youth;
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HOR. ART OF POETRY.

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PREFACE.

THE Author of the following Eſſays may perhaps be thought preſumptuous in obtruding his Productions upon the Eye of the Public, when there are ſo many excellent Poetical Pieces already extant: —His only Apology is the old thread-bare one of, THE EARNEST SOLICITATIONS OF FRIENDS. *—Two or Three Gentlemen, eminent in the Republic of Literature, who had ſeen many of his juvenile Exerciſes, wiſhed to have them collected into a Volume; and for that Purpoſe made uſe of their influence in procuring him Subſcribers to ſupport the Undertaking. — With their aſſiſtance, and his own aſſiduity, he hath ſucceeded much beyond his Expectation.*

To all who have ſhown themſelves friendly to his wiſhes, he returns his unfeigned thanks, and will ever remember their kind interference in his behalf with the warmeſt gratitude.—It will not be expected that he ſhould climb to the ſummit of Parnaſſus, with all the impediments he hath conſtantly laboured under.

Poſſeſſed of little more than ſelf-acquired Knowledge, and having a thouſand difficulties to ſurmount, his higheſt ambition will be to amble round the Baſe, and catch, if he can, ſome tranſient Smiles of the lovely Nymphs, ſo celebrated for their tuneful Powers. —He hopes, that as his Productions are not inimical to Religion, or inconſiſtent with any of the Virtues, that they will meet with ſome indulgence, tho' they have not the Fire of a Dryden, the Harmony of a Pope, or the Wit of a Pindar.

Some of them have been printed in the Magazines, Palladiums, Diaries, &c. yet as they were but in few

few hands, he thought there would be no impropriety in giving them a Place in this Volume.—From his neighbours and friends, he hopes to meet with but little Cenſure; he is only in dread of the keen-eyed, deep-ſearching Critics; thoſe who have drank deeply of the Pierian Spring, and ſhine as the Sun in the Firmament of Erudition.

To them and the Public at large, however, he humbly reſigns himſelf, and wiſhes not to rebel againſt their impartial Deciſions.

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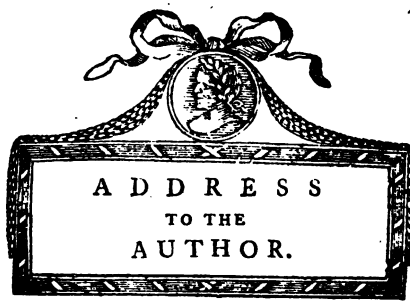

AS when in Flora's charms array'd, with ſmiles
The vernal ſeaſon decks the Queen of Iſles,
What time each rural Bard, enamor'd, roves
To court the Muſe amidſt the ſhady groves,
When Nature does her beauteous tints unfold,
And Earth's gay ſurface ſhines in green and gold;
Phœbus with temp'rate ray juſt gilds the morn,
Nor ſcarce diſpels the dew-drop from the thorn;
Hid by the infant foliage of the trees,
Scarce yet imblown to flutter with the breeze,
The feather'd natives on the moſſy ſpray,
Reſponſive chant the love-reſounding lay;
While gathering clouds the angry ſkies deform,
And whiſtling winds proclaim the coming ſtorm,

Huſh'd

Huſh'd by the change the warblers ceaſe to ſing,
Mute every tongue, and drooping every wing,
No more they glow with love's enliv'ning fire,
All ſad remain, or to their neſts retire.

So, blythe and happy in her native grove,
Long had the Muſe attun'd her lay to love,
In ſylvan numbers ſung the fav'rite fair,
ELIZA's face, and LUCY's auburn hair,
The magic accents from MARIA's tongue,
Fair NANCY's form, and SOPHIA gay and youn
Trifles like theſe, nay, leſs than theſe, could cha
A mind at eaſe, with fervid fancy warm,
In youth's gay ſpring, e'er yet the down began
To clothe the cheek and ſhow the future man;
Soon, ah! too ſoon the black'ning clouds begun
To ſhade the ſphere, and hide this glitt'ring ſun;
Diſcord, fell demon, ſtalk'd gigantic forth
From the drear regions of the gloomy North,
On eagle's wings upborne, with flaming brand
She fir'd to madneſs firſt her native land:——

As when rude Boreas roars, ſome lab'ring ſwain
Fires the dry buſhes on the heathy plain,
Scarce yet alive, at firſt the infant flame
But burns the twigs, nor hurts the ſolid ſtem,
Soon gath'ring ſtrength, by raging winds impell'd,
Extends it's ravage o'er the ſhrinking field,
Furious it roars, the flame in torrents pours,
Alike the branches and the ſtock devours:—
So, by the breath of Envy blown, from far,
All Europe blazes with the flames of war;
Cauſes remote firſt gave the monſter air,
Nurs'd by a faction with parental care,
By time matur'd he iſſues forth at length,
"Grows in his growth, & ſtrengthens in his ſtrength:"
Nor 'ſcap'd my country, tho' with ſeas immur'd,
From inſult guarded by thoſe ſeas ſecur'd:—
O lovely Britain, heretofore how bleſt!
Thy plains had plenty, and thy cities reſt;
Firſt among nations, heaven's peculiar care,
Thy ſons were num'rous and thy daughters fair,

Thy frowns foretold deſtruction, peace thy ſmiles,
And Europe trembled at the firſt of Iſles:—
But ah! how ſtrange! could thy invet'rate foes
Wiſh more to fill the meaſure of thy woes?
Thy commerce languiſhing, thy pow'r decay'd,
Thy credit tott'ring, and thyſelf betray'd:
Diſguſted at the melancholy view,
Her efforts vain, the rural Muſe withdrew;
Saw with regret our happineſs expire,
Reſign'd her weapon and unſtrung the lyre.

Friendſhip! to thee ſweet ſpirit mortals owe
Untainted pleaſures, pureſt joys below,
When ſorrows cloud, thy gentle preſence cheers,
And thro' the gloom a ray of light appears;
I hear thy voice, thy influence bids again
Reſume the pen, and 'wake the dormant ſtrain:
GUMLEY, to thee the verſe be ſacred long,
The genuine tribute of a ſimple ſong.

Nor let thy cheek with Nature's crimſon glow,
'Tis juſt to pay to merit what we owe;

Nor

Nor flatt'ry fear;—an honeſt Briton I,
Too rough to flatter, and too proud to lie,
Friendſhip I boaſt; be this my double view,
At once to praiſe and join the critic too.

'Tis not the flowing of a poliſh'd line,
Where ſweeteſt words with ſolemn nonſenſe join,
Of vocal woods, and love-inſpiring hills,
Of conſcious groves, or muſic-murm'ring rills;
Not the ſoft epithet, ſo milky, mild,
As ſpeaks the writer once again a child;
Not the loud nothingneſs to fright the ſoul,
Where grating particles in thunders roll;
'Tis not the eunuch line ſo haply hung,
As verſe or proſe it may be ſaid or ſung;
No—'tis the nervous verſe alone can pleaſe,
Where manly ſenſe is join'd with happy eaſe;
Where ſterling value ſtamps the vig'rous lines,
And all the man thro' the production ſhines.

If "trifles light as air" by thee impreſt
With conſequence, charm the diſcerning breaſt;

Or weightier themes employ thy well-turn'd ſong
In freedom's cauſe unconquerably ſtrong,
'Rapt in the ſubject bid the Muſe aſpire,
Beyond herſelf and glow with heav'nly fire;
If virtue calls thy ready pen obeys,
And in thy numbers bid that virtue blaze;
If vice with giant ſtature ſtalk abroad,
He hears thy voice, and feels thy ſatire goad;
Scann'd by this rule thy varied labors ſhine,
As thine the merit be the laurel thine;
Cull'd for thy brow by friendſhip's ſacred hand,
Long may it flouriſh to adorn the land.

THO. R. SMART.

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ERRATA.

Page 95, Line 10, for *relinguiſh*, read *relinquiſh*.
——— 12, for *troll*, read *hall*.
168, —— 9, for *you my wife*, read, *me your wife*
220, —— 1, for *grove*, read, *grave*.
——— 3, for *rove*, read, *rave*.

Other Overſights, it is hoped, the Courteous Reader will excuſe.

Poems

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

A MORNING MEDITATION.

)W rofy morn has op'd the gates of light,
l chas'd away the phantoms of the night,
: tuneful birds awake to hail the day,
l pearly dew-drops ornament the ſpray;
flow'rs expand and with freſh beauties ſhine,
to the breeze their fragrancy reſign;
dazzling ſun peeps o'er the eaſtern hills,
views his face in all the chryſtal rills:
h ardent zeal he climbs the azure ſkies,
bids each ſluggard from his bed ariſe.
'he ruſtic tribes o'erſpread the fertile plain,
ıd-hearted nymphs and honeſt-hearted ſwains)
ıe mow the graſs, ſome turn the dulcet hay,
l converſe charms the tedious hours away:

Contentment's their's, without the pomp of wealth
And every face is crimſon'd o'er with health.
See youthful Anna, chearful as the day,
Round whom ten thouſand thouſand graces play;
Health paints her cheeks with all its lovely dies,
And true good-nature ſparkles in her eyes.
What tho' no ruſtling ſilks the maid adorn,
Nor gold and gems, from diſtant regions borne?
She's far more happy, far more bleſt than they,
Who madly ſquander all their time away
In pompous balls and courtly maſquerades,
Luxurious feaſts and mirth that quickly fades.
Now o'er the fields the gentle breezes blow,
In gentle murmurs all the riv'lets flow,
The oxen graze, the harmleſs lambkins play,
And nature round is more than uſual gay,
Oft to theſe rural ſcenes do I retire,
And great JEHOVAH's wond'rous works admire,
There taſte the fragrance of the balmy breeze,
And grow familiar with the flow'rs and trees.

Ere

Ere from his bed bright Phœbus doth ariſe,
When ſweet Aurora tinges o'er the ſkies,
Have I walk'd there, in thoughtful mood along,
And heard the lark begin his morning ſong;
There too, when noon dries up the tender flow'rs
And light and heat in great profuſion pours,
I oft recline beneath the cooling ſhade,
By bruſhy elms and oaken branches made.
There too, I oft repair at ſober eve,
And for the fields the noiſy village leave,
In every ſeaſon how enrapt am I!
New wonders riſe, new beauties ſtrike the eye!
The heavens, the waters and the verdant ſod,
And every thing around proclaims a GOD;
A Being all-beneficent and wiſe,
Who loves his creatures and their wants ſupplies.
Let thoughtleſs worldlings love the noiſy town,
And loſe their peace to come at high renown,
To wealth and honour their devotion pay,
And ſmiling pleaſure's guileful lures obey;

From ſuch vain joys, O GOD, divert my mind,
And let me be to meditate inclin'd,
Illume my ſoul with thy celeſtial rays,
And I'll devote myſelf to ſing thy praiſe.

THE HEROIC CHRISTIAN.

AWAY from my ſoul all ye doubts and ye fears
O why ſhould I longer be drowned in tears?
In GOD will I truſt; He's my hope and my ſtay,
My lamp in the night and my ſun in the day.

II.

Should Sin and old Satan together combine,
And lay all their ſnares with infernal deſign,
In GOD will I truſt and upon Him I'll call,
For He can deliver me out of them all.

III.

Should war with her trumpets and enſigns unfurl'
Devour my poſſeſſions and frighten the world;
In GOD will I truſt; not a doubt ſhall commenc
For He is my ſhield and my tow'r of defence.

Shoul

IV.

famine with viſage ill-natur'd and ſour,
our my peace and my life to devour;
D will I truſt and ſubdue every ſtrife,
W can I want? He's the bread of my life.

V.

ſickneſs with fury my body aſſail,
ake me a ſpectacle meagre and pale;
D will I truſt and with patience endure,
:'s a phyſician that always can cure.

VI.

hould all the comforts around me depart,
:ath come and lay his cold hand on my heart,
D will I truſt: for He'll make me to ſing,
ve, where's thy Vict'ry! O Death, where's thy
Sting?

POEMS.

THE BACHELOR's WISH.

O Give me, ye pow'rs ſo benignant above,
A wife that is virtuous and one that I love,
By a proud flirting miſs or a finical prude
I'm certain my heart can be never ſubdu'd.
As a lantern may prudence be ever her guide,
May modeſty ever ſtick cloſe by her ſide,
May wit and good-nature embelliſh her mind,
And all her deportment be calm and reſign'd.
Some beauty I'd have the dear creature poſſeſs,
With a mind unreſerv'd and engaging addreſs;
Not light as a feather, then glumpiſh and ſad,
But a conduct conſiſtent would make my heart gl
No ſtiff formal creature or maid that is old,
Tho' Plutus aſſigns her his millions of gold;
For wealth I am certain I never ſhall marry,
I ſooner for ever and ever would tarry;
Nor ſhall I e'er think it my profit or duty,
To take a wife merely for ſake of her beauty;

But

me, kind Providence, give me a wife,
ıom I may happily travel through life;
t is religious and near my own age,
ɔrudence and manners will always engage;
t will afford me her friendſhip and love,
ırſaking all others, unchangeable prove;
ſiom I may find all my pleaſures increaſe,
: is extinct and our union does ceaſe.
ing each other, we'd travel along,
ɔɔd for our guardian and love for our ſong,
ınaan's fair borders appear to our ſight,
: enter the realms of eternal delight.

ON

ON SPRING.

COME, Clio, come, O thou celeſtial maid,
In all the charms of eloquence array'd,
O fill my ſoul with true poetic fire,
And teach me how to ſweep the tuneful lyre.
To thee, O Spring, I dedicate my ſtrains,
Thou ſmiling goddeſs of the rural plains;
At thy approach ſtern Winter quits the ſight,
And flies away to diſtant realms of night;
Phœbus appears t' unlock the frozen earth,
And herbs and flow'rs again renew their birth.
O'er yonder plains juſt turn your wand'ring eyes
And ſee the flow'rs in gay profuſion riſe,
See how the daiſies ornament the ground,
And cowſlips hung with pearly dew-drops round
For our delight they deck the verdant vale,
And fill with odours ev'ry fanning gale,
Once more the trees, in verdant robes array'd,
Delight the eye and form a pleaſing ſhade;

O

ore the birds renew their chearful ſtrains,
il muſic fills the joyful plains:
oy far more pleaſing to my ears
l the ſtudied ſoft Italian airs.
ro' the air the inſects wing their ways,
delighted in the ſolar rays;
eauteous beings as they move along,
forth their praiſes in a grateful ſong.
lough-man John and Doll the maid he loves,
nraptur'd to the ſhady groves,
and in hand, amongſt the op'ning flow'rs,
lk of love and all it's wond'rous pow'rs.
ly pendants glitter on the fair,
ch friſeur embelliſhes her hair;
e maid with decent clothing grac'd,
ry pin is with diſcretion plac'd.
cing tumults in her boſom riſe,
et contentment beameth in her eyes,

Now o'er the furrow'd fields the verdure ſpre
Rais'd by the warm effulgence Phœbus ſheds,
Th' induſtr'ous ſwain with pleaſure and ſurpriſe
Beholds each day his future harveſt riſe,
While fraught with mirth and harmleſs as the d
The playful lambkins o'er the vallies rove.

Now unreſtrain'd the ſtreamlets gurgle by,
And all the woodlands teſtify their joy;
The hills rejoice, the vallies laugh and ſing,
And wide creation owns the pow'r of Spring.

O could I oft with ſome kind friend retire
From noiſy ſcenes, and nature's works admire!
Oft would I walk where chryſtal waters flow,
Where ſheep and oxen graze and zephyrs blow,
Where ſmiling Flora cultivates the flow'rs,
On verdant lawns and ſweet arcadian bow'rs,
On contemplation's pinions would I ſoar,
To *Him* who was, and is, and will be evermore.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND,

ON THE

EVE OF MATRIMONY.

OW can you, my friend, be ſo mad after gold
to marry a wretch ſo deformed and old?
h a dropping-nos'd, budget-back'd, wrinkle-fac'd
creature,
ithout either ſenſe or a dram of good-nature;
ho's grown, with her fretting and pining, ſo thin,
r bones are juſt ready to burſt thro' her ſkin;
oſe eyes are as red as the comb of a cock,
d head keeps the time like a regular clock;
oſe nails are as ſharp as the claws of a bird,
d tongue is more keen than a two-edged ſword;
covetous too, that ſhe nothing would loſe,
t even the drops that diſtil from her noſe:
haps you may think, as ſhe now is grown double,
e'll drop in her grave and not give you much
trouble;

But

But, how can you lay yourſelf down in your b
With a creature you always muſt wiſh to be de
O horrors! I tremble, I quake at the thought!
And hope I ſhall ne'er in ſuch trammels be cau
I'll ne'er take a wife for the ſake of her ſtore,
Tho' meagre-fac'd Poverty knocks at my door:
No, give *me* the maid that my heart can approv
With whom I may taſte all the pleaſures of love
For better is little where hearts are combin'd,
Than wine and rich fare with a malice-fraught r
Then leave your old madam, howe'er ſhe may
To think of her end and to finger her gold;
Forſake her, forget her, abandon her quite,
And chuſe a young mate that may give you del

WINTER. A POEM.

Vinter's come! the chearful ſun retires,
mphs and ſwains aſſemble round their fires;
re the tuneful birds our ears regale,
re the ploughman whiſtles oe'r the dale;
lmy zephyrs oe'r the vallies ſigh,
ves and meadows charm the roving eye;
by the froſt the rivers ceaſe to flow,
l the ground is thickly clad with ſnow;
grant flow'rs of various hues are ſeen,
ls and lambkins wanton o'er the green;
rcing winds come whiſtling o'er the plains,
numb the flocks and chill the hardy ſwains.
ver floods appear as ſmooth as glaſs,
hich the youth in wanton gambols paſs;
whip the twirling top, while ſome more bold
cate along and laugh at all the cold.
old! as dew the hoary froſt deſcends,
v'ry twig beneath it's preſſure bends;

Here is a ſight, ye philoſophic belles,
Which all your curious needle-work excels;
Imagination here may find employ,
And here may rove the philoſophic eye.

Behold! the tranſient gloomy day ſubſides,
And ſable night comes on with haſty ſtrides;
Soon will ſhe ſpread her ſable curtains round,
And nought but glimm'ring taper-lights abound.

O may I while the tedious nights prevail,
With friends and books the vacant hours regale;
Or view my great Creator's pow'r and love,
In all the ſhining orbs that round us move.

But ſoon ſhall Winter's darkſome reign be o'er,
And ſmiling ſpring adorn the Britiſh ſhore;
The birds will then renew their wonted ſtrains,
And num'rous flow'rs and herbage clothe the plains
Thus when the great ſupernal trump ſhall ſound,
To ſhake the ſkies and ſplit the ſtable ground,
Death and the grave their charges ſhall reſign,
And every ſaint a conſtellation ſhine.

AN HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY, 1786.

Compoſed for the Choirs of SHEEPHEAD and ANSTY, in the County of Leiceſter.

AWAKE, awake and hail the morn,
In which the *Prince of Peace* was born;
Let holy praiſe each tongue employ,
And every heart abound with joy.

CHORUS.

Let all in heaven and all in earth,
Celebrate the *Saviour's* birth.

The GOD in whom we live and move,
Reſign'd the ſhining realms above,
Laid all his heavenly grandeur by,
And deign'd for ſinful men to die.

CHORUS. Let all in heaven, &c.

See! Gabriel quits his native ſkies,
And to the favor'd virgin flies,
With welcome news her heart he chears,
And bids her baniſh all her fears.

CHORUS. Let all in heaven, &c.

"Glory to GOD" the angels ſing,
The heavens with hallelujahs ring,
While ſaints unite with loud acclaim,
To bleſs the mighty *Saviour's* name.

CHORUS. Let all in heaven, &c.

Then let each heart abound with joy,
Let praiſes every tongue employ;
Let rich and poor, let old and young,
United raiſe the heavenly ſong.

CHORUS.

Let all in heaven and all in earth,
Celebrate the *Saviour's* birth.

ANOTHER HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY.

Made for the Choir of ANSTY, 1786.

GLORY to GOD the Angels ſung,
When Chriſt at firſt appear'd on earth,
Then well may ev'ry human tongue
Rejoice and ſing the Saviour's birth.

CHORUS.

Let ſongs of holy praiſe abound,
Praiſe him all the earth around.

The great, eternal, mighty GOD,
To whom we our exiſtence owe,
Reſign'd his own divine abode,
To reſcue men from endleſs woe.

CHORUS. Let ſongs of praiſe, &c.

For wretched, ruin'd ſinful men,
The *Saviour* unto death was giv'n;
But lo! he roſe,—he roſe again,
To be our advocate in heaven.

CHORUS. Let ſongs of holy praiſe, &c.

Let all on earth his name adore,
His precepts let us all obey,
His goodneſs tell from ſhore to ſhore,
'Till time and nature both decay.

CHORUS.

Let ſongs of holy praiſe abound,
Praiſe him all the earth around.

AN ELEG

Death of the Rev. ISAAC WOODMAN, A. M.
of SUTTON, Leiceſterſhire.

ns of Sion, that with ſacred zeal,
ve to JESUS and his cauſe reveal,
ys ſuſpend, your holy mirth refrain,
intly mourn the loſs you now ſuſtain;
that fed you from his ample ſtore,
uch-loved *Woodman* breathes, alas! no more:
phant death has ſnatch'd his ſoul away,
ow he mingles with his native clay.
re now are all thoſe rare endowments flown,
left his friends and with ſuch luſtre ſhone?
is the wiſdom that we all admir'd,
l thoſe virtues which his breaſt inſpir'd?
r, ever hid from human eyes,
e left the earth and gain'd their native ſkies.
s we ne'er again his like ſhall view,
'd with learning and ſo humble too!

Within

Within him pride ne'er ſhew'd her haughty crei
Domeſtic feuds ne'er diſcompos'd his breaſt:
His temper was as mild as vernal gales,
Which fan with balmy breath the flow'ry vales
Benevolent as thoſe bright minds above,
Who ſweetly ſing and glow with heavenly love.
Each fond acquaintance wiſh'd him length of
And adverſe parties ſounded forth his praiſe;
But now, alas! with him all time is o'er,
And we muſt view his tranquil face no more.
Mute is the tongue that ably could proclaim,
Salvation thro' the great Redeemer's name;
No more we hear him, all enraptur'd, prove
The boundleſs riches of almighty love;
No more to truth his ſoft perſuaſions win,
No more he ſhews the dire effects of ſin;
No more he bids the drooping ſoul revive,
Shake off it's fears and truſt in GOD and live.
The hand that once with Ciceronian art
Portray'd the diction of a gen'rous heart,

the ready-ſpeaking quill can hold,
inactive, wither'd, dead and cold.
g he bore affliction's weighty rod,
emain'd a champion for his GOD;
nurs roſe, reſign'd was ev'ry thought,
his life confirm'd the truths he taught.
far above the reach of mortal things,
s a crown and views the *King of Kings*;
uſand angels clap their wings for joy,
elujahs all their tongues employ;
the *Lamb* does all his love unfold,
its and angels ſtrike their harps of gold;
him ſtreams of living waters roll,
iv'nly proſpects recreate his ſoul:
Jehovah's awful throne he bends,
iks full draughts of bliſs that never ends.
y we all be bleſt with heavenly grace,
like him and reach that happy place!
ile we thro' this turbid ocean ſteer,
pe ſupport and check each riſing fear.

O may

O may we, when our earthly comforts die,
Be quite reſign'd and look beyond the ſky;
For ſafe is he that puts in GOD his truſt,
Tho' kingdoms fall and crowns diſſolve to duſt;
Tho' from their orbits all the ſtars be hurl'd,
And lightnings fierce conſume a guilty world;
Still ſafe are they that on *Jehovah* call,
For He's their ſhield and He's their All in All.

To Mr. T. SADLER on his publiſhing a NEW SYSTEM OF ARITHMETIC.

LET potent warriors take delight in arms,
And fill the nations round with dire alarms;
With fury let their thund'ring bolts be hurl'd,
To diſcompoſe and deſolate the world;
On horrid ruins let them build their fame,
And ſlaughter millions for an empty name:
To tell their deeds, let lofty columns riſe,
And acclamations rend the vaulted ſkies;

at all the nine their tuneful voices raiſe,
nd in melodious ſongs announce their praiſe;
acts more pleaſing to the heavenly pow'rs,
y worthy friend employs his fleeting hours:
You cultivate the uſeful arts of peace,
And with your years behold your fame increaſe.
Tho' to your praiſe no marble ſculptures riſe,
Nor long eulogiums reach our roving eyes,
Yet every truly gen'rous mind muſt own,
(To whom the merit of your works are known)
That you deſerve, from all the nymphs and ſwains,
A large reward to compenſate your pains;
For their delight you've ſpent the tedious day,
And thrown the pleaſing hours of ſleep away;
For them you ſtudy and for them you write,
And ſweetly blend inſtruction with delight.
Fair Science now to each enquiring youth,
Opes wide her doors and points the way to truth.
Fear not, ſays ſhe, to tread this ſacred ground,
But march along and be with laurels crown'd,

Sadler,

Sadler, my friend, ſhall be your conſtant gui
By him your wants will amply be ſupply'd;
He'll entertain you as you move along,
With converſe ſweet and all the charms of ſo
Fear not to climb the mountains in your way
The beauties there will all your toil repay;
There num'rous flow'rs of matchleſs beauty
And heav'nly proſpects will ſalute your eyes:
Truſt to your guide and you'll proceed with
And every ſtep will have the pow'r to pleaſe
Then will you glow with tranſports half divi
And 'midſt the ſons of erudition ſhine;
Your noble ardor your renown ſhall raiſe,
And future ages celebrate your praiſe.

The Humble PETITION of W. C. and J. H.
(BOTH DECEASED)
To Mr. W. MASTIN, Sen.

rom whom they had taken ſome Roots, which had been prepared to burn in his own kitchen, and for which offence he had threatened to proſecute them.

ACCEPT, Mr. *Maſtin*, our humble petition,
nd pity, O pity our wretched condition,
Expos'd to the cold,
Without ſilver or gold,
We once were ſo bold,
s to take a few roots which came out of your mould.
But 'tis true, Mr. *Maſtin*,
Without lies or jeſting,
(Which ſome are ſo vers'd in,)
e never took any before;
So hope you'll forgive us,
For what does ſore grieve us,
And (if you'll believe us)
e'll never do ſo any more.

O grant our requeſt,
Which is far from a jeſt;
Then may you be bleſt,
Like old Job of the Eaſt,
When his troubles and ſorrows were o'er.

THE FIDDLER's PETITION,

TO THE

Rev. Mr. STOKES, of BLABY, Leiceſterſh

KIND SIR,

SINCE I know you're poſſeſt of good-na
And help all you can, either ſooner or later,
I hope you'll accept this unpoliſh'd addreſs,
In which I attempt to portray my diſtreſs.

Old time that ſuch ſtrange deſolation hath ma
Forbids me for ever to work at my trade,
My vigor is fled, and enervate each limb,
My joints are grown ſtiff, and my eyes are quite

T

ne has powder'd my hair and bewrinkled my face,
d age marches on with exorbitant pace.
ien, ſince I no more exerciſe in my loom,
y fiddle I now ſubſtitute in it's room,
ith that go about my kind neighbours to chear,
nd collect a few pence with ſome victuals and beer.
it alas! my good ſir, with a ſigh be it told,
ſy fiddle, like *me*, is decay'd and grown old;
has loſt all it's tone, and ſo crack'd is the wood,
hat a boy's hurdy-gurdy is almoſt as good;
/as Apollo himſelf on my fiddle to play,
e'd fright all the lovers of muſic away:
ı ſhort, 'tis ſo bad I muſt muſic decline
nd apply to the pariſh, or otherwiſe pine,
nleſs ſuch as you, by benevolence ſway'd,
o buy me another contribute your aid.
The wakes are approaching, and how 'twill appear
the *Fiddler of Counteſthorpe* ſhould not be there!
ich merry old mother will wiſh me to come,
nd I ſhall be lifeleſs and ſtupid at home:

How many a nymph and how many a ſwain
Will wiſh for my *Jockey and Jenny* in vain,
And you, ſir, will think I o'd cuſtoms forſake,
If I come not to play you one tune at the wake;
Then let ſome compaſſion be found in your breaſt,
And kindly contribute to aid the diſtreſs'd;
O help me to purchaſe a fiddle that's better,
And I'll, worthy ſir, evermore be your debtor,
Such kindneſs ſhall never by me be forgot,
'Till time is all over and death is my lot.

JOHN HEATHCOTE.

N. B. In conſequence of the above petition, the benevolent Gentleman, to whom it is addreſſed, immediately preſented the poor petitioner with a good fiddle which ſerved him during life.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN,

Compoſed for the Choir of ANSTY, 1788.

HARK! the angels ſweetly ſinging
Glory to *Jehovah* give,
Gabriel joyful tidings bringing,
Bids the ſons of Adam live.

Fir'd with love and wrapt in wonder,
Let us all adoring bend,
For the mighty GOD of thunder,
Now becomes the ſinner's friend.

Lo! to purchaſe our ſalvation,
JESUS, GOD's almighty ſon,
Left his high celeſtial ſtation,
And for men a conqueſt won.

Yes, to ranſom ſinful mortals,
JESUS ſuffer'd, bled and dy'd;
Heav'n now opes it's ſhining portals,
Juſtice lays her ſword aſide.

Let us then with joys abounding,
Set our hearts on things above,
And in muſic ſweetly ſounding,
Celebrate Redeeming Love.

TO A LADY,

Who, according to Report, was about to marry for WEALTH.

FOR riches, dear Sukey, ne'er alter your ſtate,
For riches no true ſatisfaction create;
But if you the ſweets of contentment would prove,
Be guided by reaſon united with love;
For love can ſubdue each contention and ſtrife,
And ſmoothen your way in the journey of life.

THE LOVER's DECLARATION.

SWEET are the ſcents Arabia's groves exhale,
Sweet are the cowſlips blooming in the vale,
Sweet is the honey which the hive contains,
Sweet is the juice expreſs'd from Indian canes,
Sweet is Ambroſia, tuneful birds agree,
But ſweeter far are Delia's lips to me.

THE BENIGHTED BARD.

WRITTEN UNDER AN HAY-STACK,

Where the Author (after being long loſt, and greatly wearied) was obliged to take up his Lodgings.

BENIGHTED, loſt and weary grown,
A hopleſs wight reclined here;
But ah, with ſorrow be it known,
He met no reſt, or goodly cheer.

Keen

Keen hunger on his bowels prey'd,
And much he was by thirſt annoy'd,
And if he would have thouſands pay'd,
The wiſh'd repaſt had been deny'd.

Cold was the wind, the night was dark,
The mournful owlets ſcream'd around,
And he could find no ſhelt'ring ark,
Or bed, except the chilling ground.

There he lay down in ſhiv'ring plight,
To fell deſpair a patient prey;
For who would combat darkſome night,
With num'rous dangers in his way?

Yet oft he blam'd the tardy hours,
Which kept the day ſo long behind,
And oft invok'd the heavenly pow'rs,
With reſignation in his mind.

At length Aurora ſhew'd her head,
The long deſired day was giv'n;
Up roſe the pilgrim from his bed,
And gave his grateful thanks to Heav'n.

THE LEICESTERSHIRE MAID.

LET bards in fine fictions ingenious,
Extol Amaryllis and Venus,
Yet they when in all their bright beauties array'd,
Surpaſs not in beauty the *Leiceſterſhire Maid.*

Dame nature hath ſhew'd her ſuch bounty,
She ſerves to embelliſh the county,
So that it with reaſon and truth may be ſaid,
The maid of all maids is a *Leiceſterſhire Maid.*

With rapture each ſwain does behold her,
And longs in his arms to enfold her;
Their wit and their wealth are profuſely diſplay'd,
To conquer the heart of the *Leiceſterſhire Maid.*

Her mental endowments how ſhining!
They ſurely can need no refining!
The Graces and Pallas attend with their aid,
And ſtrive to embelliſh the *Leiceſterſhire Maid.*

Let

Let others for riches endeavour,
As if they would laſt them for ever;
By motives ſo mean I will never be ſway'd,
There's nothing I want but the *Leiceſterſhire Maid*

A VALENTINE,

WRITTEN

At the Requeſt of MISS A. E.
Of WELLS, in Norfolk,

And addreſſed to Mr. M—— her Lover.

THOU dear, thou all accompliſh'd youth,
Replete with charms and fill'd with truth,
O let me, let me ever be,
As dear to you as you to me;
Accept this humble ſuit of mine,
And take me for your VALENTINE.

When firſt I ſaw your manly charms,
And claſp'd you in my longing arms,
I felt ſuch joys that none can tell,
But thoſe who love and love ſo well;
To be ſo bleſt, I'd now reſign
My heart, to be your VALENTINE.

Thy abſence I in ſilence mourn,
And wiſh and ſigh for thy return;
Each hour appears a tedious day,
Whilſt I'm from you ſo far away;
Then haſte, my dear, nor let me pine;
O come and be my VALENTINE.

I could rejoice and bleſs my lot,
To dwell with you beneath a cot;
Then come, thou charmer of my heart,
O come, and never let us part;
Then I'll my arms around thee twine,
And bleſs the day of VALENTINE.

TO

To J. C. ESQ.

Who preſented the Author with a DISH of FIS which he never received.

KIND SIR,

FOR the fiſh which you graciouſly gave,
Accept of my thanks and the warmeſt I have;
Your kindneſs I never, ſhall never forget,
But always remember I'm much in your debt;
Ingratitude never ſhall enter my breaſt,
She's a fiend I ſhall ever deſpiſe and deteſt;
But where the aquatical creatures are flown,
At preſent to me is entirely unknown;
So that they are loſt, it is much to be fear'd,
For not any tidings of them can be heard.

Perhaps they're devoured by ſome ravenous wol
Or plung'd in ſome wide-yawning bottomleſs gulf,
From whence they can never, O never return,
But leave me, their abſence in ſilence, to mourn;
For ſurely 'tis more than an hundred to ten,
They ne'er will be heard of in England again.

Perh

ps to the land of the moon they are fled,
ome have declar'd is a place for the dead,
with ſome Blanchard, (when gaz'd at by
rowds)
quitted the rivers to ſwim in the clouds:
r, 'tis likely, moſt likely of all,
ns to old *Cloacina* they fall,
r, this truth is ſufficiently known,
— for ever and ever they're gone.
o' I now bid them a final adieu,
atitude ever I'll think upon you.

An HYMN for CHRISTMAS-DAY, 1[illegible]
Compoſed for the Choir of ANSTY.

REJOICE, ye ſons of men rejoice,
And welcome in the day;
Let every chriſtian raiſe his voice,
And caſt his grief away.

CHORUS.

Let all aſcribe in chearful ſongs
The praiſe that unto GOD belongs.

For JESUS, O what heavenly love!
O what ſurpriſing grace!)
Deſcended from his throne above,
To ſave the human race.

CHORUS. Let all aſcribe, &c.

Yes, He that made the world below,
And ſhining orbs on high,
Became himſelf a man of woe,
And deign'd for us to die.

CHORUS. Let all aſcribe, &c.

Glory to GOD, and Peace on Earth
The angels ſweetly ſung,
And of the *Saviour's* wond'rous birth,
The heavenly manſions rung.
CHORUS. Let all aſcribe, &c.

If angels thus his name adore,
And matchleſs goodneſs praiſe,
Shall we whoſe num'rous ſins he bore,
No grateful anthems raiſe?
CHORUS. Let all aſcribe, &c.

Extol his name from pole to pole,
And hallelujahs ſound;
Let heavenly triumphs fill the ſoul,
And holy joys abound:
CHORUS.
Let all aſcribe in chearful ſongs,
The praiſe that unto GOD belongs.

Another HYMN for CHRISTMAS-DAY, 178

O Come let us raiſe an anthem of praiſe,
And ſweetly accord in ſongs to the LORD;
With angels and ſhepherds come let us unite,
And welcome the ſeaſon with holy delight.

CHORUS.

For, lo! the Redeemer, to bleſs us,
Forſook the bright regions above,
From bondage he deign'd to releaſe us,
O wonderful,—wonderful love!

Hail, hail to the morn when JESUS was born,
To ranſom and ſave from death and the grave;
With harmony let us our gladneſs atteſt,
And gratitude always inſpire every breaſt.

CHORUS. For lo! the Redeemer, &c.

No pomp and parade the *Saviour* e'er made,
But humble and poor did hardſhips endure,
To ſave us, who elſe had been ruin'd and loſt,
He ſuffer'd, he bled, and he gave up the ghoſt.

CHORUS. For lo! the Redeemer, &c.

Th

let us employ the ſeaſon in joy,
raiſes ariſe from earth to the ſkies,
ho inhabit the heav'ns and the earth,
nd be chearful at Jeſus's birth.

CHORUS.

! the Redeemer, to bleſs us,
ook the bright regions above,
bondage he deign'd to releaſe us,
onderful,— wonderful love.

ON TIME.

lays his deſolating hand on all,
n and mountains muſt to atoms fall;
ndid crown muſt lie diſſolv'd in duſt,
nces leave the objects of their truſt:
t us fix our hopes beyond the ſkies,
nought can change and pleaſure never dies.

ON MERCENARY MARRIAGES

HOW oft is love contemn'd for ſordid gold,
And beauty weds the impotent and old;
Thus love for love, alas! is ſeldom found,
And man and wife in hateful chains are bound
O may the mighty power of mammon ceaſe,
And matrimony yield us love and peace.

PSALM XXIII.

PARAPHRASTICALLY VERSIFIED.

THE LORD is my ſhepherd, the LORD is my
Who ever will feed me, and ever defend;
While bleſt with his preſence and chear'd with
Of famine and foes I ſhall ne'er be afraid.

He makes me recline in the paſture ſo green
Where nature in all it's perfection is ſeen,
Or elſe, with a kindneſs ſupernal he leads,
By the ſmooth gentle waters that flow down the

From error's dark ways he reſtraineth my ſoul,
nd keeps all my paſſions beneath his control;
le leads me, he guides me in paths that are right,
nd makes me to ſpeak of his name with delight.

Yea, tho' I'm allotted to walk through the vale,
When death's gloomy ſhadows my comforts aſſail;
No dangers I'll fear and no evils I'll dread,
Since thou, my Redeemer, upholdeſt my head.

Thy rod and thy ſtaff are my comfort and ſtay,
My hope and my joy through the deſolate way;
Then ably ſupported, and bleſt with thy grace,
I'd look the grim monſter with joy in the face.

My table thou ſpread'ſt in the midſt of my foes,
My food is delicious, my cup overflows;
With honors in plenty my head thou haſt crown'd,
My throne is exalted, my name is renown'd.

Thy goodneſs and mercy, of which there's no end,
All the days of my life will direct and defend;
And when this ſhort ſcene and it's troubles are o'er
I ſhall dwell in thy houſe and be bleſt evermore.

ON

ON RELIGION.

RELIGION points to man the way to bliſs,
A life of peace and pleaſure after this;
She'll to our pains and troubles here below
A never-failing antidote beſtow.

O may it's truths, imprinted on my ſoul,
From errors keep me, and from ſin control;
May all my future years from ſin be free,
And nothing ſteal my heart, O GOD, from thee:
From earth and all it's num'rous cares I'd riſe,
And fix my bliſs beyond the azure ſkies.

But ah! how hard to wing my way to heav'n,
By adverſe gales, how oft aſide I'm driven!
A thouſand ſnares beſet me all around,
But GOD will guide me and my foes confound:
Then may I on his conſtant care depend,
And humbly ſerve my never-failing friend.

DORINDUS TO MYRTILLA.

A POEM.

WHEN griefs, a pond'rous load, oppreſs the ſoul,
And ſorrows riſe too potent for control,
By ſighs and words we give our thoughts a vent,
Or with the eloquence of tears lament:
Then blame me not, O thou my heart's deſire,
O lov'd *Myrtilla*, let my woes tranſpire;
For how can I forbear,—O wretched ſwain,
To breathe out ſighs, and ſadly to complain.
Plung'd in a flood of agonizing woe,
And robb'd of all my dear delights below,
In faintleſs ſighs the tedious hours I waſte,
And not a drop of conſolation taſte.
Not all the ſweets and beauties of the ſpring,
Or all the notes the rural warblers ſing,
Not ſummer's ſweet refreſhing ſhady groves,
And evening walks, that meditation loves;

Not

Not autumn, with her precious product ſtor'd,
To feed the hungry and to glad the board,
Can mitigate the burden that I bear,
Or in the leaſt diſpoſe my weighty care!
In vain the ſeaſons in ſucceſſion roll,
For all is gloomy winter round my ſoul.

My books, that erſt engaged all my pow'rs,
With which I ſweetly paſs'd the tranquil hours,
Where ſcience pours her truth-directing ray,
To fill the empty darkſome mind with day;
Or where the bard, replete with thoughts ſublime,
Soars o'er the earth and all the tracts of time:
Theſe now, alas! to me no joys afford,
Altho' with choiceſt conſolation ſtor'd:
To every joy I've bid a long adieu,
Since I'm forbid to ſpend my days with you.

My friends with pity view my wretched caſe,
And view my grief depicted in my face,
By various means they ſtrive to chear my mind,
And make me to my adverſe fate reſign'd;

for

ıe bid me acquieſce in heaven's decree,
ıe bid me from thy charming preſence flee,
ıe bid me to another maid remove,
ne indiſcreetly bid me ceaſe to love.
3ut ſooner ſhall the ſun forbear to ſhine,
d tiplers ceaſe to love the ſparkling wine;
ſoon ſhall day be darkſome as the night,
d ſtars forbear to ſhed nocturnal light;
iite vain is all the kind advice they give,
r I muſt love until I ceaſe to live:
ıd if, when dead, I ſhould to heav'n repair,
:thinks I ſhall rejoice to ſee you there:
ıen will my ſad perplexities be o'er,
ıd we may love and ſing for evermore.
Yet, O Myrtilla, whilſt you ſtay below,
peaceful currents may your minutes flow,
ay Lubberkin (unworthy of your charms)
:'er call you his and claſp you in his arms.
s, lovely maid, contemn the empty clown,
ıo' riches glitter and tho' parents frown:

This

This once may heav'n, kind heav'n but make you I
To ſcorn the ſordid wretch and all his gold;
Then may you hope, in future days to find,
That beſt of bleſſings, a contented mind.
But,— O if pity ever fill'd your breaſt,
If e'er you ſigh'd to ſee a friend diſtreſt,
Now condeſcend to eaſe a lover's care,
And ſnatch me from the borders of deſpair;
O let me not for ever ſigh in vain,
And to the winds and bubbling rills complain;
O be not to my racking tortures blind,
But yield a ſmile and chear my drooping mind.
For you I could without repining go
O'er burning ſands or moutains capp'd with ſnow;
Or was I rais'd to ſome imperial throne,
And num'rous kings their vaſalage did own;
Tranſported I could lay my ſceptre down,
And all the gorgeous grandeur of a crown;
Nay, ſhould the Indies all their ſtores reſign,
I'd quit them all could I but call you mine.

The following QUERY was inſerted in the PALLADIUM for 1774,

AND ANSWERED IN THE SUCCEEDING YEAR;

And as it may pleaſe *ſome* of my Readers, I have given it a place here.

QUERY, ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES.

YE lovely fair, ye ſoft enchanting maids,
That love the town, or haunt the rural ſhades,
Say if you can when *Kiſſing* firſt aroſe,
That mark of love and ſoft'ner of our woes;
Say, if you can, inform your faithful ſwains,
And you ſhall have an hundred for your pains.

ANSWER.

WHEN Adam firſt beheld his partner Eve,
Bleſt with more charms than we can well conceive,
A warmth unuſual glow'd within his breaſt,
He *kiſs'd* his bride and own'd that he was bleſt.

ADVICE TO YOUTH.

YE young and vain, from mirth refrain,
And take a friend's advice,
Forbear to play your time away,
With cribbage, cards or dice.

Forbear to think that noiſe and drink
Can drive your cares away,
Or gaudy dreſs remove diſtreſs,
And ſcreen you from decay.

Let wiſdom's page your thoughts engage,
Where num'rous beauties ſhine,
To fill the mind with joys refin'd,
And raptures all divine.

A ſober life devoid of ſtrife,
Will conſtant pleaſure yield,
And when you're old, worn out and cold,
Will prove a guard and ſhield.

LOVELY RURALINDA.

CELESTIAL nymphs my ſoul inſpire,
O Phœbus lend thy golden lyre,
While I expreſs, how I admire
The charms of *Ruralinda.*

O could I like old Homer ſing,
Or mount with Milton's tow'ring wing,
Fit metaphors I then might bring
To paint my *Ruralinda.*

Like radiant planets are her eyes,
Which gild at night the darkſome ſkies,
For all with wonder and ſurpriſe
Behold my *Ruralinda.*

To ſay her cheeks excel the roſe,
And rubies do her lips compoſe,
Will but my vanity expoſe,
And injure *Ruralinda.*

Dame Venus, fam'd as beauty's queen,
Round whom each winning grace is ſeen,
Is not more fair, or has a mien,
More grand than *Ruralinda.*

In ſhort, a form compleatly gay,
Where all the youthful graces play,
To ſteal beholders' hearts away,
Has lovely *Ruralinda.*

When e'er ſhe ſtrikes the ſounding lyre,
The liſt'ning ſwains around admire,
Old Orpheus ſhe'd with joy inſpire,
So plays ſweet *Ruralinda.*

The bleating flocks around her ſtand,
And own the magic of her hand,
Apollo with his tuneful band
Aſſiſt fair *Ruralinda.*

Minerva's fam'd for ſolid ſenſe,
And Mercury for eloquence,
But heav'n does both theſe charms diſpenſe
To lovely *Ruralinda.*

ſome be fam'd for humour free,
d ſome extoll'd for chaſtity,
: every virtue ſhines in thee,
O charming *Ruralinda.*

ould Providence aſſign my lot,
› dwell beneath an humble cot,
'would prove a moſt inchanting ſpot,
If bleſt with *Ruralinda.*

he flow'rs would brighter hues diſplay,
he birds would warble all the day,
nd tender lambkins friſk and play
Round me and *Ruralinda.*

neath ſome ſweet embow'ring ſhade,
r reſt and contemplation made,
ie tales of gentle bards I'd read
To lovely *Ruralinda.*

r to her 'tis ſupreme delight
› hear what deep-learn'd ſages write,
ieir thoughts are pleaſing day and night
To love *Ruralinda.*

Let others boaſt of wealth and pow'r,
Thoſe glitt'ring baubles of an hour,
On me, O heav'ns, your bleſſing ſhow'r,
And give me *Ruralinda.*

Then, tho' the ſons of Mammon frown,
On them with pity I'd look down,
And ſcorn the honors of a crown,
To dwell with *Ruralinda.*

RICHARD's REPLY TO DOLLY;

Who told him that Abſence would diminiſh his Regard for her.

O tell me no more, when you hear me complain,
That abſence will help to diminiſh my pain,
For now I experience a fatal reverſe,
And ſuffer ſuch tortures as none can rehearſe:
Yes, abſence contributes to raiſe my deſire,
And ſet all the tender affections on fire.
Thus loud roaring wind will the candle eraſe,
Yet cauſe with freſh fury the furnace to blaze.

A LOVER's

A LOVER's PROTESTATION.

WHene'er I deceive the dear maiden I love,
The ſun ſhall grow dark and the earth ceaſe to move;
The ſtars, the bright ſtars from their orbits ſhall fall,
And darkneſs moſt dreadful envelop us all.
The winds and the waters ſhall ceaſe to have motion,
And trees, plants, and flow'rs, ſpring up in the ocean;
Whatever we ſee ſhall grow wonderful ſtrange,
And ere I deceive her all nature ſhall change.

AN EVENING MEDITATION.

LO! night appears the duſky ſhades ariſe,
And brilliant gems adorn the azure ſkies;
Fair Luna ſheds her ſilver rays around,
And moiſt'ning dews refreſh the thirſty ground;
With odours loaded, gentle Zephyr roves,
Sighs o'er the vales, and whiſpers thro' the groves,
While in melodious notes the nightingale
To woods and fountains tells her mournful tale.

Now

Now for his home the chearful ſhepherd hies,
To wait 'till Phœbus gilds the eaſtern ſkies;
No anxious cares diſturb his peaceful mind,
His flocks are healthful, and his Delia's kind;
Contentment ſweet within his boſom ſprings,
And he may laugh at all the pomp of kings.

Now ſilence that affords the wiſe delight,
Extends her empire thro' the realms of night;
The village ſwains are lock'd in ſleep profound,
And Morpheus ſpreads his pleaſing dreams around.

Millions of wretches now reſign their woes,
For bliſsful thoughts and undiſturb'd repoſe;
The ſlighted lover now forgets his pain,
His Phillis ſmiles and deigns to bleſs her ſwain:
With heart-felt joy, now Gripus can behold
His large eſtate and count his bags of gold.
Diſeaſe itſelf a while obtains relief,
And pleaſing viſions ſtop the pow'r of grief.

But whence proceed thoſe plaintive notes of woe,
From whence can ſuch diſtreſsful accents flow?

Hark!

Hark! hark! 'tis Damon's voice, 'tis that accomplish'd
swain,
Whose chearful pipe enliven'd all the plain;
By him unseen some close retreat I'll find,
And hear him breathe the anguish of his mind.
O Phillida, says he, with beauty bleft,
To charm the eye, and fire the youthful breaft,
In whom the arts and erudition shine,
And Pallas aids the Heleconian Nine;
Say, lovely maid, why I must still sustain
Despairing thoughts, and meet your cold disdain?
With half an eye, O Phillida, you see,
Of all your lovers, none can love like me:
He said, he sigh'd, and as he mov'd along,
His unsuccessful love employ'd his song;
Beside the willows and the bubbling brook,
His lonely, darksome, dismal way he took.
Now let me leave at once terrestrial things,
Let contemplation spread her ample wings;

Siderial

Siderial beauties let me now explore,
With wonder view, and reverently adore:
Here orbs on orbs, with juſt preciſion roll,
And deck the concave ſkies from pole to pole.
Thro' all the azure vault I now behold
Ten thouſand ſtars like ſpecks of burniſh'd gold
Yet in theſe ſpecks the philoſophic eye
Can orbs immenſe and flaming ſuns deſcry,
Round which vaſt planetary ſyſtems move,
As large as thoſe of Saturn, Mars and Jove.
An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,
Let adoration fill my raptur'd ſoul!
O let me not forget the mighty hand
That form'd the whole, ſo perfect and ſo grand
Let grateful praiſe be paid to him alone,
And ev'ry creature bow before his throne.

AN ANSWER TO MISS POLLY STOW,

Who requeſted, in the PALLADIUM, to know the ATTENDANTS on LOVE.

THE attendants on Love, O my charming dear Miſs,
By you muſt be known I am ſure before this,
Yet I, to oblige you, will puzzle my brains,
And hope you'll allow me one kiſs for my pains.

Soft ſighs, which proceed volunteer from the heart,
Looks ſorely dejected, unaided by art,
Doubts and fears, not a few, with *tormenting deſpair*,
And *pains* which no tongue can preciſely declare,
Hopes, that in an inſtant enliven the ſoul,
And all the alarms of deſpair can control;
Joys, *raptures* and *ecſtaſies*, ſweet and ſublime,
That fire all the ſoul, and give wings unto time;
Strict friendſhip, with *ſentiments truly refin'd*,
That ſpurn at deceit and ennoble the mind:
Theſe, theſe are the chiefs, O my feminine friend,
That ſeldom will fail on true Love to attend.

ON

ON THE BRITISH PALLADIUM.

EACH year the Palladium it's favors extends,
To pleaſe and inſtruct all it's lovers and friends,
Of rich entertainment it always is full,
To employ the ingenious and quicken the dull.
Chronology here does her favors beſtow,
And tells of great things that were done long ago;
Aſtronomy (intimate but with the wiſe)
Diſcloſes her wonders and points to the ſkies;
Mathematics do here a kind aſylum find,
At once to inform and enrapture the mind;
Here Poetry rolls her ſweet numbers along,
And charms every ear with her muſical tongue;
Morality here does her precepts unfold,
And ſhews her ſage maxims to young and to old.
Then come, O ye nymphs and ingenious youn ſwains,
From ignorance fly, and now ſhake off her chains,
See Pallas invites you with joy in her eyes,
To hear her inſtructions, and learn to be wiſe.

AN HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY, 1789.

Compoſed for the Choir of ANSTY.

GLORY to GOD and Peace on Earth,
The angels ſung at JESUS' birth,
Celeſtial muſic ſounded;
Each ſeraph ſwept his harp of gold,
And while the gladſome news was told,
Th' infernals were confounded.

CHORUS.

Then let us all with one accord
Hoſannas ſing and praiſe the LORD.

Let every heart and every tongue,
Unite and raiſe a joyful ſong,
A joyful ſong to Heaven;
O'er ſin and death a victory's gain'd,
The pow'rs of darkneſs ſtrongly chain'd,
And ſinful men forgiven.

CHORUS. Then let us, &c.

THE BOY AND POPPY:

A FABLE.

'AS at that moſt delightful time,
nature ſhone in all her prime,
verdure freſh and gaudy flow'rs
'd the garden, fields and bow'rs,
ack (for entrance was deny'd,
chinks and holes a garden ſpy'd,
: with flow'rs on every ſide.

roſe her ruddy face did ſhow,
ly her's, as white as ſnow,
'eet-breath'd pinks and jeſſamine,
l their odours all divine,

The gaudy *poppy*, too, was there,
Adorn'd with ſtreaks ſo red and fair;
With hundred more I've not expreſt,
All in their utmoſt grandeur dreſt.

Young Jack beheld the pleaſing ſight,
With wond'rous rapture and delight,
And thus (as if there'd been a croud)
The boy declar'd his thoughts aloud.

O happy boy! were theſe but mine,
How ſhould I 'bove my comrades ſhine!
Was I but of theſe flow'rs poſſeſt,
I'd wear them always on my breaſt,
And ſurely none could be more bleſt.

But gazing Jack did moſt admire
The ſtately poppy's gay attire,
His lofty head of majeſty,
And gaudy colours pleas'd his eye;
Not dreaming that ſo foul a ſmell
With beauty ſo compleat could dwell.

That flow'r, ſaid he, that yonder grows,
That flow'r exceeds the bluſhing roſe,
That flow'r outſhines the reſt as far,
As Luna does a puny ſtar:
Was that but mine I'd be content,
For 'tis on that my mind is bent;
And,— O methinks 'tis very hard,
That from it I ſhould be debar'd.

Juſt as he'd ſpoke appear'd in ſight
A lovely maid array'd in white,
Poſſeſſing, what we ſeldom find,
A noble and a gen'rous mind.

On all the flow'rs ſhe caſt her eyes,
Diſtinguiſh'd by their beauteous dies;
Then mov'd along in pleaſing mood,
Towards the place where Jacky ſtood,
On whom ſhe fixt a ſmiling look,
And thus in gentle language ſpoke:

What is it that you want, my boy,
Declare your mind and be not coy;
For I ſhall not refuſe to grant
Whate'er in reaſon you may want.

I thank you, madam, Jack replies,
While pleaſure ſparkles in his eyes;
No large donation would I have,
A ſingle flow'r is all I crave.

Well ſaid, ſays ſhe, to give you eaſe,
I'll let you get juſt which you pleaſe;
Then ſtraight, the gate ſhe did unpin,
And bid the youngſter enter in.

Without delay the novice flew
To where the gaudy Poppies grew;
When that which charm'd him ſo before,
With diligence he did explore;
On that he ſeiz'd, for that alone
Did he deſire to make his own;

Jack, as well as he knew how,
off his hat and made a bow,
vith a grateful heart retir'd,
of what he moſt deſir'd.

:e with joy he haſtes away
here his cronies us'd to play;
:re, ye rogues, ſee here he cries,
ineſt flow'r beneath the ſkies.

on the flow'r the youngſters gaz'd,
:ach it's wond'rous beauty prais'd;
ne, more knowing than the reſt,
: forth and thus young Jack addreſt:——

s true the prize you now enjoy,
ars delightful to the eye,
nderneath it's gaudy dies,
ıg'rous, noxious poiſon lies.

: Jack, who thought the flow'r bely'd,
Poppy to his noſe apply'd,
how was he chagrin'd to find
ul a ſmell with beauty join'd!

Who

Who, ſays the lad, who could have thought
So fine a flow'r with poiſon fraught!
This ſaid, he did without delay
Indignant caſt the flow'r away.

MORAL.

Ye ſwains, when you're inclin'd to wed,
Be not by outward beauty led,
For true content can never flow,
From coſtly dreſs and outward ſhew;
But if, when you're by Hymen join'd,
Content and happineſs you'd find,
Regard the beauties of the mind.

THE BEE AND BUTTERFLY:

A FABLE.

. Butterfly once to a hard-working Bee
id leave off your labours and look upon me;
hold the fine colours that ſhine on my wings,
ore excellent far than the raiment of kings.
ur charms, ſaid the Bee in an angry tone,
uch as they emit when expelling a drone)
ho' now they may pleaſe and delight you ſo much,
'ill vaniſh away and begone with a touch.

MORAL.

t thoſe who in beauty place all their delight
emember that death can demoliſh it quite.

ON LIFE.

AH! what is Life, with all it's vain parade!
'Tis but a tale, an unſubſtantial ſhade:
'Tis like a ſhuttle-cock, the boys to cheer,
Or like a bell, whoſe tingling charms the ear.

'Tis like a curtain, that is quickly drawn,
Or like a cloud, that ſhades the flow'ry lawn;
'Tis like an odour, which regales the noſe,
Yet flits about with every wind that blows;
'Tis like a falſe deluding harlot's ſmile,
Which does full oft the thoughtleſs ſwain beguile
'Tis like a ſhip, that's toſs'd about at ſea,
'Tis like a bolt, that's mov'd with every key;
'Tis like the umbrage o'er fair Delia's head,
That now is ſhrunk and now is amply ſpread;
'Tis like her cuſhion, fill'd with many a dart,
To pierce, to wound and agonize the heart;
'Tis like a ſpan, 'tis like the falling rain,
'Tis leſs than nought, and altogether vain.

On

may we then our fleeting time improve,
heaven-directed, fix our minds above;
:hen low ſcenes, this empty world adieu,
, fir'd with zeal, the way to bliſs purſue.

TO THE REV. MR. MASTIN,

:AR OF NASEBY, IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE;

On hearing that he was going to publiſh the HISTORY of NASEBY.

HILE others to regale the mind,
o' nature ramble unconfin'd,
l with attentive eyes explore
: wonders of each diſtant ſhore,
ll Britain, our peculiar ſpot,
nain unnotic'd and forgot?
r venerable tow'rs, that ſtand
fying time's deſtructive hand;
r towns, where commerce and her train
rich and bleſs th'-induſtrious ſwain;

Her

Her fields, with human blood diſtain'd,
Where liberty for us was gain'd:
Shall all, —ſhall all the ſcenes we find,
To dark oblivion be conſign'd?

"Forbid it, ſays th' hiſtoric muſe,
And all her ancient annals ſhews;
For me ſhall Britain find employ,
While other themes unheeded lie;
For not a realm, whate'er it's name,
To my regard hath juſter claim."
She ſaid, and with a pleaſing ſmile,
Diffus'd her orders thro' the iſle;
Bade all her fav'rite ſons unite,
And blend inſtruction with delight;
To each aſſign'd a diff'rent lot,
And NASEBY, your reſiding ſpot,
Was not unnotic'd and forgot.

'Tis your's, my friend, to tell the ſwains
The tragic ſcenes of NASEBY's plains;

F

For by your animated pen,
The dead ſhall riſe and fight again,
Both horſe and foot, in dread array,
Shall thunder in the face of day;
Old Noll ſhall ſhew his pow'rful ſhield,
And Charles and Rupert quit the field.
Beneath reflection's piercing eye,
The wounded and the dead ſhall lie,
'Midſt ſtreams of blood, and diſmal cries,
That touch the heart and pierce the ſkies.

But hold,— methinks 'tis time to ſhun
The feats that mad ambition's done:
Then let the feuds of party ceaſe,
And paint the bleſt effects of peace;
Show how, beneath her foſt'ring wings,
Fair liberty exults and ſings,
While every deſpot hides his head,
And gloomy ſuperſtition's fled.

Thus, Reverend Sir, I hope that you
Will rank amongſt the worthy few,
Who pleaſe us and inſtruct us too.
So wiſhing you may meet with gains,
To compenſate for all your pains,
I'll bid this rhyming letter end,
And write myſelf
YOUR CONSTANT FI

A SOBER ADDRESS TO THE LAD

OUR time, ye fair, our time is poſting on,
And like a dream our days will ſoon be gone
The lamp of life will quickly diſappear,
Or feebly ſhine and have no pow'r to chear.

Tho' roſy health appears on every face,
And you're endow'd with each attractive gra
Tho' from your lips delicious ſpices flow,
And bright ey'd hope does all her gifts beſto

Tho' now the ſwains repeat their tender vows,
And flow'ry garlands decorate your brows;
Yet muſt the charms of all that have been born
Soon diſappear like dew-drops of the morn.

The prince, whoſe frown ſubjected millions dread,
The humble peaſant toiling for his bread,
The cradled infant and the aged ſire,
To death's dark, gloomy manſions muſt retire.

O, make not then the things of earth your truſt,
That quickly fade and moulder into duſt;
But may,—O may it unto you be given
To quit each low purſuit, and ſet your hearts on heav'n.

ON THE

DEATH of Mr. CHARLES ROZZEL, OF LEICESTER.

IS ROZZEL dead, the muſes darling ſon?
Has he reſign'd his breath and left the world,
Who oft has charm'd us with his tuneful pipe,
And taught us with the melody of ſong?

Yes ROZZEL's dead! my long reſpected friend!
Whoſe genius burſt thro' many ſable clouds,
And ſhone with luſtre equall'd but by few.

The frowns of fortune and the worldling's ſcorn
Could not repreſs the ardor of his muſe:
In liberty's behalf he ſung aloud,
And ſcorn'd the tools of arbitrary pow'r,
Tho' often tempted by a ſpecious ſmile,
Big promiſes and wine's deluſive charms,
To proſtitute his pen in ſlav'ry's cauſe,
And turn his back on Freedom and her ſons;

He,

He, like a bulwark, every art defy'd,
And preſt his tenets cloſer to his heart;
With greater ardor brandiſhed his pen,
And folly laſh'd until her ſides were ſore.

Unmindful of each tyrant and his gold,
He ſatyriz'd the bold attempts of vice,
And, to oppoſe it, dipt his pen in gall.

But now in duſt his breathleſs body lies,
And all his earthly hardſhips have an end;
Yet ſhall his name be mention'd with reſpect,
By all who love the muſe and liberty.

In days to come the youthful bard ſhall tell,
Where Charles is laid, and where he us'd to dwell;
His well-wrote lines inceſſantly admire,
And ſtrive to catch his harmony and fire.

ON SPRING.

ONCE more we behold the ſweet viſage of ſpring,
And winter is fled from our iſle,
The birds round their new habitation do ſing,
And faſhion appears with a ſmile.

The ſtreams that ſo lately were fetter'd in ice,
Now flow in meanders along;
The hills and the vallies all ſeem to rejoice,
And nature is big with a ſong.

Behold! how the lambkins now frolic around,
The turtle-dove ſweetly complains;
Coy echo repeats Philomela's ſoft ſounds,
And night is chear'd up with her ſtrains.

To breathe the freſh air by the ſide of the mill,
See Colin and Phillida rove,
Or plac'd on the brow of a green-ſloping hill,
Talk o'er the ſoft pleaſures of love.

Whilſt

Whilſt thus to each other ſuch raptures they give,
Pale envy around them may hiſs,
United in wedlock they'll happily live,
Nor ſupplement need to their bliſs.

From the buſtle of crowds, and the noiſe of the town,
Ye lovers of wiſdom retire;
There, there all your dreams of ambition lay down,
And nature's productions admire.

The beauties of Spring can more pleaſure impart,
Than all the vain glare of a ball;
They never corrupt, or embarraſs the heart,
But lead to the Maker of All.

THE LOVER's SOLILOQUY.

THE ſpacious fields in gaudy robes were dreſt
And all the ſwains the pow'r of love confeſt;
Soft flow'd the ſilver ſtreams adown the dale,
And balmy ſpices loaded every gale,
When Damon, all dejected and forlorn,
Thus mourn'd his fate behind a ſpreading thorn

O Love, thou tyrant, while of thee poſſeſt,
What pains I feel, what daggers pierce my brea
By day no lucid interval I find,
No pleaſing ſcenes to recreate my mind;
And when old night her ſable curtain ſpreads,
And weary mortals preſs their downy beds,
I toſs about and count the tedious hours,
And ſleep ſuſpends her renovating pow'rs.

What boots it me that flow'rs adorn the ſpring
And all the groves with rural muſic ring,
For in my mind no ſatisfaction's found,
I ſtill am ſad, tho' nature ſmiles around.

W

With uſeful grain, tho' ſummer fills the fields,
And autumn all her countleſs treaſure yields;
Tho' winter comes array'd in froſty gems,
With rattling hail, and ſwift redundant ſtreams;
Yet I, alas! no alteration find,
I ſtill am ſad, for love torments my mind.
My dear Myrtilla's heart I ne'er can move,
With all the tender agonies of love;
Her parents o'er her ſuch dominion hold,
That none muſt win without the aid of gold.

O could I tell her how my boſom glows!
And paint, in language apt, my pow'rful woes;
Could ſhe but know the ſorrows I ſuſtain,
She'd ſurely pity and remove my pain.

But could I equal Homer's deathleſs ſong,
Or had I Tully's energetic tongue,
Yet ſhould I fail to paint my deep diſtreſs,
Which none, but they that love like me, can gueſs.

Within my breaſt what ſtrong emotions riſe,
Whene'er I view thoſe dear deluding eyes!

That

That heavenly mien which ev'ry ſwain alarms,
Thoſe blooming cheeks and all thoſe heavenly charms!
The voice of love I inſtantly obey,
And, quite tranſported, gaze my ſoul away!

Yet, when I view her charms with fond delight,
Grief lifts her head and ſpoils the bliſsful ſight,
Sweet ſmiling hope before the monſter flies,
And fell deſpair and all her fiends ariſe.

Thus, when the child ſome tempting fruit ſurveys,
Elate with joy, how fondly does it gaze!
But ſhould the fates it's ardent wiſh control,
All joy ſubſides, and ſorrow fills the ſoul.

Begone, thou fiend, O Mammon fly from hence,
And plague no more the friends of love and ſenſe;
May thy infernal uſurpations ceaſe,
And all the nymphs and ſwains unite in peace.

How many victims do we daily ſee,
Which ſordid parents ſacrifice to thee;

The

The ſoft complaint, the boſom-heaving ſigh,
The melting tear, the tender-pleading eye,
Can ne'er prevail, for thou haſt pow'r alone
T' extinguiſh ſenſe, and turn the heart to ſtone.

O, lov'd Myrtilla, hear your faithful ſwain,
And with a ſmile exterminate my pain;
To heal my wounds, let ſoft compaſſion flow,
O chear my heart, and baniſh all my woe.
But why ſhould I ſuch ſupplications frame,
Parental maxims diſappoint their aim;
By gold alone Myrtilla muſt be won,
Well may I grieve, for I, alas, have none.

O ſhepherds, now ſuſpend your jocund ſtrains,
Let notes of woe be heard thro' all the plains,
My grief proclaim to all the rocks around,
Let every grove reverberate the ſound:
Ye nymphs and ſwains, ſo debonair and free,
Decline your mirth and ſympathize with me.

Here,

Here, far from home, 'mongſt lonely wilds I ſt
Without one friendly hand to point my way,
Sublunar objects now no joys impart,
Sighs follow ſighs, and grief devours my heart:
But ſoon will all theſe turbid ſcenes be o'er,
And love will vex my faithful heart no more!
Death ſoon will come to ſeal my wakeful eyes,
Stop every pang, and waft me to the ſkies;
There ſmiling angels welcome pilgrims home,
And hallelujahs ſhake the ample dome;
There every heart is fill'd with ſacred joy,
And ſongs of love the bliſsful choirs employ.

TH

THE 148th PSALM VERSIFIED.

O praiſe the LORD, who reigns above the ſkies,
: lofty heav'ns, let hallelujahs riſe ;
aiſe him, ye angels, meſſengers of joy,
nd all his hoſt join in the bleſt employ.

Praiſe him, thou Sun, great ſource of heat and light,
nd ſilver moon, preſiding o'er the night;
e twinkling ſtars, your diſtant voices raiſe,
nd in your courſes tell your maker's praiſe.

Thou heaven of heavens, his rightful praiſe
advance,
nd waters ſwimming in the vaſt expanſe;
es, let them praiſe *Jehovah's* awful name,
hoſe pow'rful word did ev'ry order frame.

Praiſe ye the LORD, from this inferior earth,
: deeps and dragons, now diſplay your mirth,

Fierce fires and rattling hails his praiſes ſound,
With ſnows and vapours, ſpreading o'er the gr
Ye ſtormy winds obedient to his word,
Roar out his praiſe and magnify the LORD.

Ye lofty mountains and ye leſſer hills,
That feed the vallies with your cryſtal rills;
Ye fruitful trees, that ſpread your branches rou
And cedars with unfading verdure crown'd,
Your Maker's praiſe inceſſantly diſplay,
And tell his goodneſs all the chearful day.

Ye ſavage beaſts, that haunt the dreary wilds,
And cattle, grazing in the fruitful fields;
Ye reptile tribes, the objects of his care,
And various fowls that cut the yielding air,
Ye kings, ye princes, and ye judges too,
And all ye people, yield the praiſ.s due.

Ye youthful ſwains, with manly graces bleſt,
And blooming maids, of heavenly charms poſſe
Each hoary ſage, his providence proclaim,
And tender infants glorify his name:

To him alone in adorations join,
For o'er the heavens and earth his glories ſhine.

Ye ſaints, that his peculiar bounties ſhare,
Eternal love and unremitting care;
Ye happy race, your gratulations bring,
And your Redeemer's matchleſs kindneſs ſing.
Let hallelujahs dwell upon your tongues,
And ardent love inſpire your heavenly ſongs.

ADVICE

ADVICE TO MYRTILLA,

ON THE CHOICE OF AN HUSBAND.

TO you, O Myrtilla, in matters quite nice,
I preſume for this once to impart my advice;
O do not refuſe for a while to attend,
You know it proceeds from the heart of your friend

In the choice of an huſband, my delicate fair,
Let keen-ey'd diſcretion exert all her care;
For ſhould you, quite careleſs, reſign yourſelf up,
I fear you would taſte but a ſorrowful cup.

Firſt, let the dear object whoſe heart you'd engag
Be perfectly faſhion'd, and near your own age;
For ſhould you be wedded to one that is old,
I know you'd diſlike him, in ſpite of his gold:
O never, Myrtilla, let riches prevail,
For ſoon, very ſoon, all their luſtre will fail.
If you marry for riches you'll certainly ſmart,
And find at the laſt a diſſatisfy'd heart.

Let the youth of your choice with good ſenſe be endow'd,
To behave with decorum and ſhun what is rude;
Let native good humour enliven his ſoul,
And a ſenſe of religion his paſſions control;
Let his dreſs be quite decent, inclin'd to the mode,
For things that are odd I would have him explode;
Let I ſcorn, from my ſoul, every finical fop,
Bedizen'd with trinkets from bottom to top;
No bliſs you'd receive from ſuch whimſical elves,
Their time is employ'd in admiring themſelves.

Be ſure you the gameſter and drunkard avoid,
Such ſots of your company ſoon would be cloy'd,
And leave you at home, your hard lot to bewail,
For ſhuffling of dice, and for drinking of ale.

The flatt'rer deteſt, he is not to be borne,
Skip out of his way and his perfidy ſcorn;
For ſhould you attend, he perhaps may allure,
And then, O Myrtilla, deſtruction is ſure.

Let the man of your choice be conſiſtent a
Induſt'rous and healthy, a lover ſincere,
A friend unto learning, intrepid and bold,
Quite gen'rous and free, and no ſlave unto

Whene'er ſuch a youth as I've mentioned
So graceful in perſon, accompliſh'd in mind
Look down with an eye of regard on the ſw
Afford him a ſmile and diſpel all his pain;
With him if to live, it ſhould e'er be your l
You're ſure to be bleſt with a palace or cot:
O take the dear man without fear to your a
And make him unſpeakably bleſt with your

But parents, perhaps, with their maxims a
May gravely pronounce you a couple of foo
If he is not poſſeſt of a ſplendid eſtate,
To mimic the empty parade of the great;
I counſel you not to contemn their advice,
But do not be forc'd from the man of your c

What tho' he be poor, yet it muſt be confeſt,
That you with affection and health may be bleſt.
It ſurely is beſt, for avoiding all ſtrife,
That children ſhould chooſe their own partners for life;
For ſurely the mis'ry to all muſt be great,
If ty'd for their lives to a perſon they hate.
But love, real love, every ſtrife can reſtrain,
Enliven the heart and remove every pain;
'Twill make you partake of ineffable bliſs,
Whene'er you receive the ſoft conjugal kiſs.

Now, lovely Myrtilla, my ſenſible friend,
I hope you'll regard the few hints I have penn'd;
May heav'n, propitious, your conduct approve,
And give for an huſband the perſon you love.

An HYMN for CHRISTMAS-DAY, 1790.

FOR THE CHOIR OF ANSTY.

WAKE, O wake a joyful ſong,
Join the ſweet angelic throng;
Gladly welcome in the morn,
When the *Saviour Chriſt* was born.

With the wiſemen of the eaſt,
Bow before the heavenly gueſt;
String the lyre and tune the voice,
And let every heart rejoice.

See! with wonder and ſurpriſe,
GOD's own Son forſakes the ſkies;
Lays his awful ſplendors by,
And for mortals deigns to die.

Well might angels with amaze
At the wond'rous action gaze;
Well may all the ſons of earth
Celebrate our *Saviour's* birth.

For

or behold! he came to ſave,
ife unto the dead he gave,
nd procur'd his ſaints a crown,
When he paid the Ranſom down.

Ve'er may we by conduct vain,
ESUS and his cauſe profane:
ut may all our actions prove,
Ve're the people of his love.

may all who bear his name
indle with celeſtial flame!
nd in ſacred raptures ſing
allelujahs to their King.

AN HYMN.

O Thou at whoſe decree I roſe,
To view the cheerful light,
To eaſe my troubles interpoſe,
And give my ſoul delight.

Why ſhould I at a frowning world,
Or thy decrees complain?
Or, when malignant darts are hurl'd,
Be agoniz'd with pain.

Whate'er I am, whate'er I have,
I owe it all to thee;
And often from the gloomy grave,
Thy hand hath reſcu'd me.

Then now, O LORD, this gloom diſperſe,
O cheer again my heart,
And let me in a lively verſe,
My gratitude impart.

On thee I muſt alone depend,
On thee my ſoul recline;
O gracious LORD, be thou my friend,
And make me wholly thine.

AN IMITATION OF MARTIAL's Ep. 53, Lib. 2.

YOU ſay you'd be free, yet I very much doubt it,
Howe'er if you would, e'en now ſet about it,
Yet let me beg leave theſe few hints to commend,
The reſult of experience, the wiſh of a friend.

Forbear to partake of another man's cheer,
And quench your keen thirſt with a draught of ſmall-beer;
See others in ſplendor and ceaſe to repine,
And wear a courſe ruſtical garment like mine;
Relinquiſh the maid, the delight of your eyes,
And let one leſs coſtly and homely ſuffice.

Bid adieu to the ſpacious, the grand-looking Hall,
And ſeek for content in a cot that is ſmall;
If this you can do, if this method you hit on,
More freedom you'll have than a King of Great-Britain.

STREPHON's

STREPHON's REPLY TO DELI

WHO DESIRED HIM NOT TO THINK OF

WHEN I forbear to think on you,
The ſun ſhall ceaſe to give us light,
The moon ſhall bid the earth adieu,
And ſtars no longer cheer the night.

When I forbear to think of you,
Cold winter ſhall to ſummer turn,
The old again their youth renew,
And with their wonted ardor burn.

When I forbear to think of you,
The miſer ſhall forget his gold,
The tim'rous hare the dogs purſue,
And grow couragious, fierce and bold.

When I forbear to think of you,
The fire ſhall loſe it's pow'r to warm,
The earth no more be moiſt with dew,
And wit and beauty ceaſe to charm,

When I forbear to think of you,
And wiſh no more to call you mine,
I'll bid each grateful thought adieu,
And all my mental pow'rs reſign.

TO MR. B. WEST,

ON SEEING HIS PROPOSALS FOR PUBLISHING A VOLUME OF POEMS.

WHEN firſt, O WEST, the ſounding trump of fame
Announc'd your thoughts and magnify'd your name;
When firſt 'twas rumour'd thro' Britannia's plains,
You'd bleſs us with your dulci-ſonant ſtrains,
My heart exulted, all my ſoul was joy,
Nor more could trifling cares my peace annoy.

No miſer e'er could half ſuch pleaſure taſte,
With all his ſhining ſtore before him plac'd;

No tippling bard, whoſe chief delight is wine,
Was e'er more joy'd to ſee the goblet ſhine:
For what can wine, or what can wealth afford,
By mandmen quaff'd, and fordid fools ador'd?

In them no laſting ſolid joys we find,
They but impov'riſh and delude the mind:
But thy ſoft numbers, which ſo ſweetly flow,
Can baniſh care and ſtop the voice of woe,
Can make the tumults of the mind to ceaſe,
And bleſs the tuneful ear with ſounds of peace.

What heart-felt raptures every breaſt inſpire,
Whene'er you deign to ſtrike the dulcet lyre!
Diſcord is huſh'd, and drops her ſable wings,
Pale envy ſhrinks, and hides her blunted ſtings,
Sweet harmony in ev'ry cottage dwells,
And blear-ey'd ſorrow quits her darkſome cells;
Light-hearted joy ſits ſmiling in each face,
And modeſt merit gains her rightful place:

Unite

l, all aſſign to you the bays,
›wns and woodlands echo with your praiſe.

ıs, when the hero from the fields of war
ıs triumphant in his glitt'ring car,
ızing crouds his wond'rous deeds declare,
:atulations thunder thro' the air.

impious thoughts, to combat heav'nly truth,
ce your page, and taint the minds of youth;
›rds obſcene can there a place obtain,
:aſe the fool, and give the modeſt pain;
›m thy pure, thy energetic lays,
.ther wiſdom as we gather days.

ene'er, O friend, you ſing of things divine,
heav'nly ardor pants in ev'ry line!
ıen a dear departed friend you mourn,
ace appears dejected and forlorn;
ture round in fun'ral pomp appears,
v'ry muſe is bath'd in cryſtal tears.

But lo! to ſprightly ſtrains you wake the ſtring,
And all is chearful as the ſmiling ſpring;
All's mirth and freedom,— ſo delightful prove,
Your ſcenes of friendſhip, and your tales of love,
Each virgin now may ſing your ſonnets o'er,
And ev'ry ſwain your Black-ey'd Maid adore,
While all the groves, and all the rills that flow,
Shall learn the charms of "Matchleſs Polly Stow."
From beauty's cheek the roſes ſoon muſt fly,
The luſtre ſoon muſt quit the ſparkling eye;
That idol, wealth, hath but it's ſtated hour,
And time will ſoon unnerve the hand of pow'r;
Sceptres and crowns in ſolitude ſhall ruſt,
And princes mingle with their kindred duſt;
Heroes, whoſe ſtubborn ſouls diſdain to yield,
To death muſt ſoon relinquiſh all the field:
Yes, all around, my friend, muſt ſoon decay,
And dark oblivion waſh their names away.
Yet thou ſhalt live in thy ſweet-flowing verſe,
And future ſwains thy ſtanzas ſhall rehearſe.

Lo

Long may you live,—your ample honors ſpread,
And deathleſs glories flouriſh round your head;
Long may you bleſs the "Social haunts of men,"
And tune your pipe to melting ſtrains again.
And may our friendſhip ſtrengthen more and more,
'Till time ſhall ceaſe, and life's poor play is o'er.
Then may we meet before the heav'nly throne,
And taſte of joys unſpeakable, unknown,
There join the muſic of the heav'nly plains,
And tune our harps to more exalted ſtrains.

THE SPIRITUAL SAILOR;
OR,
THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

MORTALS, take heed, this world's a dang'rous ſea,
O'er which you're ſailing to eternity;
You'll rocks and quickſands in your journey find,
Which will impede you like an adverſe wind.

Take CHRIST your pilot, well he knows the road,
He'll guide you ſafely to your bleſt abode;
Let him your rudder, Inclination, ſteer,
Rocks, ſhoals, and quickſands, then you need not fear.

GOD is thy captain,—O adore the grace!
Thy ſoul's the cabin, or his reſting place;
Pray'r is the door, the Word's thy mental light,
Thy ſun in day-time, and thy moon by night;
Reaſon and conſcience thy lieutenant prove,
Thoughts thy midſhipman, and thy netting love,
Thy compaſs grace, which points to heav'n above.

Sin,

Sin, Satan, and the world, you'll ever find,
Will ſtrive to darken and diſtreſs the mind;
Like dang'rous rocks, which under water lie,
And wreck the veſſels which too near them ply.

Let Faith attend you as your teleſcope,
Your ſails, Affections, and your anchor, Hope;
Your ſailors, Paſſions, thoſe with care command,
Your boatſwain, Temperance, and the grave your land.
The maſts are Graces, which to heav'n aſcend,
On theſe, as ſails, Affections ſhould depend.
The ropes and ladders, Meditation ſhow,
By which the chriſtian mounts from things below.
The hold's Humility, the painting Pride,
The voyage you're going Life, and time the Tide.
The diff'rent flags, your Words and Conduct are,
They ſhow from whence you come, whoſe name you bear.
Vices are Worms, corroding all within,
Storms are Afflictions, hurricanes are Sin,

Dark

Dark clouds are Doubts and Fears, luſts are your foes
Pleaſures are Whirlpools, water-ſpouts are Woes,
Deſpair's a Quickſand, many has undone,
Preſumption is a Rock, with caution ſhun.
Health is a Calm, which tho' it long endure,
Sickneſs may come, then be not too ſecure.

In ev'ry tempeſt ſtill on GOD depend,
By ſea and land he'll prove your conſtant friend,
And, when you've ſail'd thro' time, will ſurely be
Your wiſh'd-for haven thro' eternity.

O may we while the ſtorms of life prevail,
Beneath the guidance of JEHOVAH ſail;
Upon the ocean of his wond'rous love,
May we his never-failing goodneſs prove;
And when this life, and all it's toils are o'er,
May we arrive at Canaan's bliſsful ſhore,
Before the throne of our Redeemer bend,
And taſte of joys that never, never end.

AN HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY, 1791.

A SAVIOUR's come! let ev'ry tongue
The joyful news proclaim,
Let old and young prepare a ſong,
To magnify his name.

A SAVIOUR's come! to ſet us free
From ſin's oppreſſive yoke;
O let us then from bondage flee,
For Satan's pow'r is broke.

A SAVIOUR's come! ſo long foretold
By prophets ſent from heav'n;
Hear him ye deaf, ye blind behold,
For He that pow'r hath giv'n.

A SAVIOUR's come! let all the earth
Announce him as their king,
And of his love and wond'rous birth,
In ſweeteſt anthems ſing.

THE

THE SUCCESSFUL COMPLAINT.

BESIDE the Dove * that ſweetly glides along
To bleſs the meads, and wake the lyric ſong,
Complaining of her fate, young Phillis ſtood,
Whilſt Echo mock'd her from a diſtant wood.

Oh! hapleſs maid, ſaid ſhe, to grief a prey,
In ſolitude I ſigh my hours away;
Woes upon woes a mighty torrent roll,
And almoſt overwhelm my tortur'd ſoul.

Far from the bleſt abode of nymphs and ſwains,
Where ſweet content and ſmiling pleaſure reigns;
Far from the town, where faſhion ſhows her face,
And decks her devotees in ſilk and lace,
Far from my home and every ſocial friend,
Beneath affliction's maſſy rod I bend.
For what's the world and all it's pleaſures now,
Since Damon proves forgetful of his vow!

* *A River.* How

How oft has he (while in the ſhady bowr's
I am'rous talk we paſs'd the fleeting hours)
roteſted that he'd ſooner ceaſe to be,
han any nymph ſhould draw his love from me.

Each morning to my cot, he'd then repair,
ind oft we walk'd to breathe the morning air:
Vith joyful looks I always met the ſwain,
ind at my door he never knock'd in vain.

But now alas! no more I view his face,
ome other nymph I fear ſupplies my place;
) cruel wretch! for my deſtruction born,
Ie'll laugh, perhaps, to ſee me thus forlorn;
'et tho' he now may glory in his ſhame,
ind take delight to ridicule my name,
day will come when he will ſurely prove
t is no trifle thus to mock my love.

She ceas'd to ſpeak, and tears bedew'd her face,
Vhilſt pungent ſorrows heighten'd ev'ry grace.

Behind

Behind a tree, ſecreted, Damon ſtood,
And by her charms he now was quite ſubdu'd,
To meet the maid he flew without delay,
Embrac'd her cloſe, and kiſs'd her tears away;
Hymenial rites they ſoon agreed to ſhare,
And now they live a truly happy pair.

ON LAURA.

THE maid I adore is adorn'd with each grace,
To pleaſe and enrapture the mind;
Each time I behold her new beauties I trace,
New motives to love her I find.

For an age could I gaze on her wonderful charms,
Without ever ſating the ſight;
But O! to enfold the dear maid in my arms,
Affords me ſupernal delight.

She's gay, ſhe's good-humour'd and always diſcreet,
And learning her mind doth adorn;
A maid ſo accompliſh'd you ſeldom can meet,
For few like my Laura are born.

With ardor let princes contend for a crown,
And miſers their riches adore;
Ye heav'ns! but make this dear creature my own,
And I will contend for no more.

ADVICE TO A FRIEND,

ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

IF you, my friend, would have a wife
To cheer the gloomy hours of life,
And give you conſtant pleaſure;
The following uſeful maxims mind,
And you, in time, may hope to find
This dear delightful treaſure.

Firſt look for one that's young and fair
With countenance devoid of care
And fooliſh affectation;
For one whoſe face diſplays a gloom
Will make you angry with your doom,
And give you ſad vexation.

Be not like common lovers blind,
But all her words and actions mind,
And judge of them ſincerely;
For if you form your choice at once,
And ſhe ſhould prove a ſlut or dunce,
You will repent ſeverely.

Let ſolid ſenſe her mind inform,
Let gentle love her boſom warm,
Yes let her love you truly;
Let her be void of fooliſh pride,
Let modeſty her actions guide,
Or elſe ſhe'll prove unruly.

· temper ſhould be all ſerene,
: from extreams of mirth and ſpleen,
With no wild flights encumber'd;
· one that now is mad with joy,
en ſad and ſullen, will deſtroy,
Your peace, with pangs unnumber'd.

itch how her leiſure hours ſhe ſpends,
d if with wiſe and cheerful friends,
h virtuous converſation;
t due times th' inſtructive page
ſearch of truth her thoughts engage,
ſhe has my approbation.

ien you can meet with ſuch an one,
I've portray'd, make her your own,
Of whatſoe'er condition;
wealth or honors then you'll need,
real bliſs they ſeldom lead,
And but increaſe ambition.

THE ARDENT LOVER.

ADDRESSED TO MIRA.

O Mira, dear Mira, ſo witty and fair,
To torture me longer I prithee forbear;
Remove with a ſmile the ſad pains in my breaſt,
And make me at once moſt unſpeakably bleſt.

'Tis pity, methinks, that a perſon ſo fair,
Should ever a frown on her countenance wear;
'Tis pity that cruelty e'er ſhould be found,
In one that has ſo many beauties to wound.

Yet, tho' with a frown you at preſent deny,
I hope it is only my patience to try;
For you ſuch a fund of good-nature poſſeſs,
You cannot delight to behold my diſtreſs.

Then now, O my fair one, my doubtings rem
You know that I ſuffer, you know that I love,
You know that no other my heart can ſubdue,
You know I reſign ev'ry charmer for you.

Were kingdoms and all the gay trappings of ſtate,
ſy own to enjoy, with the ſmiles of the great,
/ith pleaſure I could theſe allurements reſign,
nd think myſelf happy if you were but mine.

THE BANKS OF THE TWEED.

ATTEND, O ye ſwains of the mountains & plains,
Who wealth and inſtruction do need,
ome take my advice, and begone in a trice,
With your nymphs to the *Banks of the Tweed.*

ho' parents and friends, to promote their own ends,
Deſire you'll no further proceed,
et ſtill be you bold, and deſpiſe all their gold,
'Till you've ſeen the north-ſide of the *Tweed.*

f the maid is but kind, all their threats never mind,
You'll conquer if you're but agreed;
hro' bars ne'er ſo ſtout, love will find it's way out,
And haſte to the north of the *Tweed.*

Should ſome ſordid old miſer, that ne'er will be v
Endeavour in love to ſucceed,
In a chaiſe or a coach make a haſty approach,
With your fair to the north of the *Tweed.*

Don't ſtop day or night, but be quick in your flig
And ne'er from your purpoſe recede;
Fly ſwift as a dove in the chariot of love,
'Till you've ſeen the north-ſide of the *Tweed.*

TO A QUACK,

ON HIS ADVERTISING HIS TABLETS OF HON TO KILL WORMS.

WITH your *Tablets of Honey* no longer annoy u
We're all of us worms, and I fear you'd deſtroy u
Yes, *you*, notwithſtanding your wond'rous recitals
Are nought but a worm that wou'd prey on our vit

A

AN EPITAPH
ON MRS. MARY RALPHS.

:E lies, 'till CHRIST our mighty head
)id the trumpet 'wake the dead,
:, that did moſt wives excel,
.ov'd her huſband wond'rous well,
was with prudent care endu'd,
ver ſtudying houſhold good,
was from all contention free,
.haſte as woman-kind could be.

nore of her you want to know,
aſk her huſband wrapt in woe,
: her children, young in years,
daily mourn their loſs with tears,
: her neighbours, they'll declare,
few could e'er with her compare.

AN

AN HYMN
FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY, 1793,
SUNG BY THE CHOIR OF ANSTY.

I.

ARISE, O ye chriſtians, and welcome the mor
On which the *Redeemer* of ſinners was born,
Unite in a concert with angels above,
To ſing and rejoice at GOD's Wonderful Love.

CHORUS.

With fervent devotion and joy let us ſing
That JESUS is born our *Redeemer* and *King*.

II.

Let ſweet acclamations proceed from each tongue
And nature,—all nature burſt forth in a ſong;
For, lo! to deliver from Death and the Grave,
A *Ranſomer's* come that is mighty to ſave.

CHORUS. With fervent devotion, &c.

III.

To perfect the plan holy wiſdom deſign'd,
The ſon of JEHOVAH his ſplendor reſign'd,
Was born of a virgin, and for our relief,
In life and in death was acquainted with grief.

CHORUS. With fervent devotion, &c.

IV.

To notify this moſt important event,
A dignify'd angel to Mary was ſent,
Proclaiming (whilſt muſic was heard from the ſky)
Good-will unto mortals, on Earth Peace and Joy.

CHORUS. Let fervent devotion, &c.

V.

Be aſtoniſh'd, O heav'ns! O earth, be amaz'd!
And let divine mercy for ever be prais'd!
On penitent ſinners no more juſtice frowns,
For JESUS beſtows on them kingdoms and crowns.

CHORUS. Let fervent devotion, &c.

Tho'

VI.

Tho', like the renown'd devout ſages of old,
We bring no oblations of ſpices and gold,
Yet let us, throughout all the reſt of our days,
Preſent him unfeign'd adoration and praiſe.

CHORUS.

With fervent devotion and joy let us ſing,
That JESUS is born our *Redeemer* and *King*.

AN HYMN
FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY, 1794.

COMPOSED FOR, AND SUNG BY THE CHOIR OF ANSTY.

I.

ITH ſongs of rapture 'wake the day,
nd join the choirs above,
hriſtians, all your zeal diſplay,
nd ſing celeſtial love.

CHORUS.

Let all the univerſe accord,
To ſing, rejoice and praiſe the LORD.

II.

, lo! the Maker of the earth,
And all the orbs on high,
s ſent his Son of'won'drous birth,
To conquer ſin and die!

CHORUS. Let all the univerſe, &c.

III. A

III.

A *Saviour!* O how great the grace!
To us a *Saviour's* giv'n!
To lead us in the paths of peace,
And guide our ſouls to Heav'n.

CHORUS. Let all the univerſe, &c.

IV.

JESUS, of whom the prophets ſung
In ſweet ſeraphic lays,
Deſerves a tribute from each tongue
Of never-ending praiſe.

CHORUS. Let all the univerſe, &c.

V.

His love our pleaſing theme ſhall be,
For He's our conſtant friend,
And thro' a vaſt eternity
His praiſe ſhall never end.

CHORUS.

Let all the univerſe accord,
To ſing, rejoice, and praiſe the LORD.

AN IMITATION OF

MARTIAL's 69 Epig. B. 8.

TO a bard that's alive you'll no praiſes allow,
Or grant him one laurel to honour his brow;
I'll care not for that, I'll ne'er ſhorten my days
In hopes of obtaining thy pitiful praiſe.

The following POEM *was put into my hand:* POETICAL FRIEND, *and, as I cannot learn it hath at any time been publiſhed, I preſume lay it before my readers; not doubting but i be an agreeable treat to many.*

THE

CHARMS OF THE BOTTLE

WRITTEN BY

THE HEROINE OF THE TALE.

ON Fancy's food who would regale,
May liſten to a modern tale;
Yet they who hear this ſimple joke,
In truth, ſhould patience thrice invoke.

Young Philo was a blithſome ſwain,
As moſt that tript the verdant plain;
For when the jocund youths repair'd
To rural ſports, their ſports he ſhar'd;

t cricket, quoits, and bowling-pin,
o dext'rous, he was ſure to win;
lerily, too, for change, or whim,
Vould wreſtle, dance, or ſhoot, or ſwim;
ınd ſometimes chace at early dawn,
Quick-ſcented Sylvia* o'er the lawn;
ler ſwiftneſs he with tranſport eyes,
Vhen on the trembling hare ſhe flies.

If cloy'd with theſe, to cure the ſpleen,
he ſofter pleaſures intervene;
he balmy gale, the ſmiling field,
ınd limpid ſtreams amuſement yield,
Vith angling-pole, behold him ſtand,
ınd drag the gaſping prey to land:
Vhen contemplation he would chuſe,
ı ſilent groves retir'd, he'd muſe,
r, gay as larks, in tuneful ſtrains,
lis ſonnets echo'd round the plains,

* *A favourite Greyhound.*

If thoughtful glooms e'er ſeiz'd the man,
A pipe, a friend, and foaming can,
Would his vivacity reſtore,
And make him ſprightly as before;
Thus Philo's moments ſtole away,
Serenely like the ſmiles of May,
His pleaſures thus minutely told,
My muſe ſhall next his parts unfold:
Some education had refin'd
His manners, and improv'd his mind,
Beyond the vulgar cottage hind.

He, bard-like, could compoſe you rhymes,
Better than Sternhold fifty times,
Or tell what pence a pound contain'd,
Or, from a ſum, what ſum remain'd;
Could both correctly write and ſpell,
And read ſome authors paſſing well;
Of diſtant climes could talk with eaſe,
Why torrid ſome, and temp'rate theſe;

And

And lead you from old Nilus' ſtreams,
To ſhew where Iſis joins the Thames;
Then would to half a minute tell,
The latitude of Zante or Zell;
Of towns beſieg'd, and battles won,
How Hawke purſu'd, and Conflans run;
Of politics and placemen too,
Their ſchemes and operations knew,
Their plans and projects, wrong and right,
And nought but courage lack'd,—to fight.
All this, and more, he had acquir'd,
And much (if fame don't fib) admir'd.

Now would ſome genius but impart
Unto the muſe a Raphael's art,
Drawn to the life, his perſon here,
In juſt proportion ſhould appear;
But vain th' attempt, that well he knew,
As well as his perfections too.

With ſuch endowments, to be plain,
He might be render'd ſomething vain,
And therefore thought the ſofter race
Juſt form'd to fill a vacant place,
You'll ſcarce believe the rhyming elf,
Then take his notions from himſelf.

"Shall I, or can the man that's wiſe,
E'er wed a wretch he muſt deſpiſe?
For ſome affirm the female fair
Were made by halves, as mermaids are;
Or that no ſoul the boſom warms,
Tho' moulded into human forms:
Contracted are their reas'ning pow'rs,
So weak their minds, compar'd with our's,
'Twere blindneſs, phrenzy, to adore,
Mere moving pictures, and no more,
Bedeck'd like puppets for a child,
Or ſimple ſwain with love beguil'd;
Let ſuch from fancy'd pains deſpair,
They're objects much beneath my care."

Sir Cupid heard this grand parade,
nd vow'd by Styx he'd fit the blade,
/hat muſt, he cry'd, this haughty ſwain
iſpute my right on earth to reign;
or own my univerſal ſway,
/hen kings themſelves my pow'r obey?
uſt beauty all thoſe inſults bear?
uſt man ſtill triumph o'er the fair?
o,—let his wiſdom yield to mine,
nd truſt me, if I can divine,
e's not compos'd of flint or braſs,
t may be frail, as Adam was;
unſucceſsful are my arts,
o Vulcan I'll reſign my darts,
omus my ſkill ſhall ridicule,
nd mortals brand me for a fool.

This ſaid,—to earth with ſpeed he came,
nd found, by chance, an artleſs dame,
ho neither wiſh'd, or car'd a tittle,
hat coxcomb lov'd her much or little;

With

With freedom ſhe refus'd to part,
'Till merit ſought to gain her heart:
No tempting morſel was the laſs,
Yet artful cooks, with toothſome ſauce,
Can garniſh o'er the coarſeſt diſh,
And feaſt a glutton to his wiſh:
This Cupid knew, and ſought with care,
To ſuit his fancy to a hair;
Then, gazing all the landſcape round,
He ſaw a plot of fertile ground;
'Twas planted well with thriving trees,
For profit ſome, and ſome to pleaſe;
Some hung with fruits of various hue,
Such as, perhaps, in Eden grew.

'Twas there young Daphne did repair,
To take the morn or ev'ning air,
Beneath theſe ſhades did lonely ſtray,
And, ſomehow, ſaunter'd time away.

Now aid me ſome miſcheivous tricks,
Don Cupid cry'd, and let me fix
The hero to this pleaſing ſpot,
Tho' he ne'er thanks me for his lot.

Unlucky chance! for now the ſwain
Was idly ſtrolling o'er the plain,
When he beheld the orchard's pride,
The apples, with vermilion dy'd,
The gloſſy plumb, the juicy pear,
In ſweet inviting cluſters there.

To taſte thoſe viands muſt excite
The moſt abſtemious appetite;
Then o'er the mound he leap'd, nor thought,
In taſting that he might be caught;
Meanwhile, exulting in the ſnare,
Cupido does to arms prepare,
Forgetful boy! too ſurely blind!
He'd left his golden ſhafts behind!

And

And had that inſtant miſs'd his game,
But juſt in ſeaſon Daphne came,
And in obedience to his will,
Fix'd to his dart a ryhming quill;
With tenfold force the ſtring he drew,
And pierc'd his boſom through and through,
Then laughing fled to Ida's ſhade
To tell the wanton tricks he'd play'd.

On Philo now, as Daphne paſs'd,
A careleſs, thoughtleſs glance ſhe caſt;
Alas! the fond deluded ſwain
Thought 'twas the nymph that caus'd his pain;
For rack'd with love, his mangled heart,
Sunk almoſt lifeleſs with the ſmart.

Now doubts, deſpair, then hope inſpire
The youth with moſt intenſe deſire,
Which ſtill augment the fell diſeaſe,
And leave his ſoul devoid of peace.

Re

ſolv'd, (for who ſuch pangs could bear)
ek the abſent killing fair,
to the fair he might diſcloſe
omplicated train of woes,
gen'rous pity humbly crave,
bow, her moſt obſequious ſlave;
oh! his fault'ring tongue, too faint,
ighs alone his anguiſh paint;
whilſt the Lover's fears ariſe,
id for aid to Bacchus flies;
ectar aſks a plenteous ſtore,
pawns his mother for the ſcore;
n Hermes ſends without delay,
earth, the potion to convey,
ottle of a large extent
his ſame liquid aliment;
ft Hermes had to Daphne brought
l long before the damſel taught;
told her that enliv'ning juice,
bashful ſwains of ſovereign uſe) Was

Was a choice chymic preparation,
To uſe, as ſhe ſhould find occaſion,
For moſt diſorders of the mind,
A ſpecial antidote ſhe'd find:
Chronic, acute, or obſtinate,
Quantum ſufficit would abate,
And to a criſis bring the caſe,
Sooner than half of Galen's race:
A better noſtrum, he was ſure,
No quack could boaſt to kill or cure,
For Philo,—haply ſuch a treaſure
Was Daphne's, to beſtow at pleaſure.
She then ('twas a propitious thought)
The wonder-working *Bottle* brought,
And ſee! the mighty change it wrought:
With joy he graſp'd the ſmiling glaſs,
And tipp'd the bumper to his laſs.
The *Bottle's* virtues amply prov'd
His baſhfulneſs was ſoon remov'd,
And the grand ſecret told,—He lov'd.

A

bees the roſe's ſweetneſs ſip,
ole Ambroſia from her lip,
wiſh'd his kiſſes might impart
pleaſure to the fair-one's heart:
lear! dear *Bottle*, too careſs'd,
hugg'd the bleſſing to his breaſt;
pleaſure! how ſhort-liv'd thy reign,
joys, how ſoon transform'd to pain.

ow Jealouſy, that foe to reſt,
ſting implanted in his breaſt;
ear'd ſome rival might purſue
nymph, and ſeize the *Bottle* too,
therefore, bent alone to win,
ioonlight trudg'd thro' thick and thin;
ds, floods and ſtorms, he minded not,
plung'd thro' all to Daphne's cot.

ne eve, as cuſtom led, he came
it with fatigue to view the dame,

His expectation too on wing,
To taſte of the ſalubrious ſpring,
But ſure his evil genius reign'd,
The *Bottle* not one drop contain'd:
Some thief had drain'd it of it's ſtore,
And the lov'd-liquor was no more.
This Daphne told,—no more he ſpoke,
Her frowns had been a milder ſtroke;
Or had appear'd, in deepeſt night,
A horrid ghoſt array'd in white,
Or fiend from ſhades infernal come,
With ſulphur ſcenting all the room,
With tapers, dimly burning blue,
He'd leſs been frighted at the view,
Thus adverſe fates our joys appal,
Like ſweeteſt honey mix'd with gall.

Young Daphne ſaw his mournful mood,
And vow'd the balm ſhould be renew'd.

oon as the cordial draught appear'd,
reſh ſmiles his gloomy viſage chear'd,
'hen from his tongue new accents flow'd,
nd love, now warm'd with liquor, glow'd.
ow he the gen'rous maid careſs'd,
'hen claſp'd the *Bottle* to his breaſt,
nd thus his brittle friend addreſs'd:

Thy praiſes due who can declare!
hou ſov'reign balm for ev'ry care!
ke Lethe's ſtreams, thy virtues yet
n make me all my toils forget;
ſipping thy life-giving ſpring,
n happy as an eaſtern king;
is thine to chear the drooping ſoul,
id make the moments ſmoothly roll;
arer on earth than e'er above
as the fam'd Nectar, drink for Jove;
foe to Morpheus' leaden reign,
ou canſt elate a Vicar's brain,

A Stoic's fortitude beguile,
And cauſe the graveſt ſage to ſmile;
Canſt make the ſtateſman and the cit,
In ſpite of dulneſs, ſhew their wit:
The clown's untutor'd mind improve,
And moſt important art in love;
Warm'd too by thee, young Fancy roves
Undaunted, 'midſt Parnaſſian groves,
Or mounts on Genius' ſprightly wings,
And quaffs the Heliconian ſprings.

Come then, whilſt thou inſpir'ſt my lays,
I'll ſing of thine, and Daphne's praiſe,
While inexhauſtible thy ſtore,
The courteous damſel I'll adore,
Her virtues in my theme ſhall riſe,
And mount like incenſe to the ſkies;
So diſtant worlds ſhall echo Daphne's fame,
And future Philos bleſs the *Bottle's* name.

TO AN

IGNORANT PRETENDER

TO

MATHEMATICAL KNOWLEDGE,

ho attempted to degrade ſome of the AUTHOR'S SCIENTIFICAL PRODUCTIONS.

EAT SIR,

YOUR malignant reflections diſband,
l cenſure no more what you don't underſtand;
longer to ſcience or wiſdom pretend,
modeſtly learn, and thy judgment ſuſpend:
Science for you no affection retains,
a ſum in Reduction would puzzle your brains,
wiſdom's too great e'er to let her be caught,
i fopling bravado, that ſcarce ever thought:
a maſter of figures you ne'er was deſign'd,
it honor is not for a volatile mind.
o manners you doubtleſs may make a pretence,
l think you're endow'd with a ſtore of good ſenſe,

But they would inſtruct you to let me alone,
'Till faulty I'm found, or my merits are known.
O play not the critic, for making of bolſters
Is certainly better for broken upholſters;
Around you let Somnus his pinions now ſpread,
And dreams and deluſions encircle thy head;
For Truth, I am fearful will never deſcend,
To ſmile upon you, while you mock at her friend.

AUTUMN.

AT length fair Summer quits our happy iſle,
To climes remote the lovely wand'rer flies,
The verdure fades, the morn forgets to ſmile,
And flow'rs no more in gaudy colours riſe:
But turbid winds and dreadful tempeſts roar,
And foaming waves beat furious on the ſhore.

: trees, of late ſo pleaſing to the eye,
Vhich form'd around a ſweet refreſhing ſhade,
ord no ſhelter to the paſſer by,
or all are naked, all are diſarray'd.
: cryſtal brooks that murmur down the dale,
more the eye, no more the ear regale.

feather'd ſongſters ceaſe their tuneful ſtrains,
'he bee forgets to leave her luſcious cell,
blithſome ruſtics now forſake the plains,
nd in their ſtraw-clad habitations dwell,
ſmiling ſpring her lovely face diſplays,
birds again attune their ſongs of praiſe.

e then, ſweet Spring, O make no long delay,
ut come attended with thy lovely train,
: trees will then put on their liv'ry gay,
nd flow'rs adorn the wide extenſive plain;
then may I my vacant hours employ
h worthy friends, and books that give me joy.

But

But man ſhall ne'er a renovation know,
When once the ſprightly youthful vigor's fl
Until the laſt great dreadful trumpet blow,
And 'wake to life the myriads of the dead:
O may I then obtain the heav'nly ſhore,
And ſing JEHOVAH's praiſe when time's no n

On a CAPTAIN, *in the* AMERICAN
hanging up a poor Wretch, who ran fi
Puniſhment that was to be inflicted on hi
wandered in the Woods, until he was ſo fa
that he yielded himſelf up to the ſaid Capta

O Cruel man! thy heart is made of ſtone,
And ſoft compaſſion is to thee unknown;
The ſavage tribes their cruelty reſign,
And look and ſhudder at a deed like thine.

AN EPISTLE
TO AN
ACQUAINTANCE.

DEAR SIR,

I Receiv'd your kind letter at laſt,
And freely forgive all your negligence paſt,
Tho' really I thought you'd forgot your old friend,
On whom you may always with ſafety depend;
But, thanks to my ſtars, my ſurmiſes were vain,
For your friendſhip and goodneſs untarniſh'd remain
Or rather more brightly they each are diſplay'd,
As pictures ſhow beſt when they're blended with ſhade.

A proverb of old moſt conciſely declares
He's a friend who contributes to leſſen our cares;
Then ſurely my heart muſt with gratitude burn,
Which always delights a kind deed to return.

What

What pleaſure I felt when I heard you was j
To a bride, ſo accompliſh'd in body and minc
Whoſe charms will extinguiſh each care in your
And make you,—yes make you unſpeakably bl
May your days, O my friend, with ſerenity flo
May you taſte all the pleaſures that love can be
May conſtant proſperity to you be giv'n,
And all the beſt comforts derived from heav'n;
And at laſt (as we all of us certainly muſt
Relinquiſh our manſions and moulder to duſt)
May you mount like Elijah to regions above,
Where all are enrapt with ſeraphical love.

You hope, as you ſay, that I too am ally'd
To a kind, a good-natur'd and pleaſureful bride
But your hopes and your wiſhes my friend a
vain,
For a Bachelor ſtill I am forc'd to remain;
Tho' ſtill I'm in hopes that a bleſſing divine
Will give the dear maid that I love to be mine.

d gladly oblige your kind ſpouſe with ſome
rhymes,
chear up her heart in theſe troubleſome times,
, alas! ſince I to the E—— have betook me,
: muſes all frown, and I fear have forſook me;
od ſenſe and decorum, thoſe bleſſings of heaven,
id in this country but ſparingly given:
rudeneſs and folly profuſely abound,
d ſtun me almoſt with their diſſonant ſound;
re are blackguards in plenty, as ſtupid as mules,
re are plenty of fops and proud beggarly fools;
re are plenty of laſſes, that always are willing,
do what you pleaſe for the price of a ſhilling;
o' really, my friend, from their preſence I'll flee,
ch creatures I'm ſure ſhall ne'er profit by me.
t'midſt this ſtrange group, there are ſome I muſt own
hoſe beauty and wit might embelliſh a throne;
me men of good manners and knowledge beſide,
hoſe converſe is pleaſing, untinctur'd with pride.

But

But ſtop,—it is time that I thought of an end,
You'll be tir'd of the jingling ſtuff I have penn'd!
Then, wiſhing you well, I'll conclude this long lett
And hope you receive it inſtead of a better;
Aſſuring you that, with ſincerity fervent,
I am, and ſhall be, your obſequious Servant.

ON THE

DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

O Wretched Swain! how pungent is my grief!
How great the ſorrow which afflicts my ſoul,
Since MIRA's dead, the deareſt of my friends!
To all, ſhe was moſt affable and kind,
Conſoling thoſe immerg'd in deep diſtreſs,
And ſhow'ring bleſſings whereſoe'er ſhe went;
Religion was implanted in her heart,
Her conſolation, and her chief delight.

He

Her temper was as balmy zephyrs mild,
Which fan with fragrant breath the vernal morn,
Benevolent as thoſe bleſt minds above,
To whoſe triumphant choir ſhe now is fled.

Her beauty ſhone reſplendent as the morn,
Warm'd ev'ry heart and dazzled ev'ry eye,
When crowds of nymphs together were conven'd,
On whom the ſwains with ſilent rapture gaz'd,
If ſhe appear'd their beauties charm'd no more,
But ev'ry eye on her alone was fix'd;
For ev'ry charm which can delight the mind,
Poſſeſs'd by her in full perfection ſhone.
But Death, who roves inceſſantly about,
In ſearch of food to glut his hungry maw,
Has fix'd on her his wide voracious jaws,
And left us nought but cold and ſenſeleſs clay.

Calm was her ſoul, her reſignation great,
When ſickneſs rag'd and direful death drew near,
For ſhe confided wholly in her GOD.

While mournful friends ſtood round the ſickly b
To ſee her leave the dreary vale of life,
She thus in mild and heav'nly accents ſpoke :—
"Weep not, my friends, for lo! I go to dwell
With GOD, with angels, and with holy ſaints."
This ſaid, ſhe ſmiling fetch'd a tranſient ſigh,
Then clos'd her eyes and never breathed more.

O'erwhelm'd with grief, her relatives and friend
Forget the world, and ſeem reſolv'd to die;
Deep baleful ſighs inceſſantly they draw,
And ev'ry eye contains a flood of tears;
For tho' ſhe bids, who can from tears refrain?

But, O my friends, to Reaſon's voice attend,
Which bids us let our boundleſs grief ſubſide,
And humbly yield unto the will of GOD:
For grief indulg'd will waſte the human frame,
Unnerve the ſoul and weaken all it's pow'rs.
Then let us hope to meet our friend above,
Where we ſhall ſing eternal ſongs of love.

LOVEL

LOVELY BET.

I.

herds, come and pity me,
aſide your jocund glee,
m caught in Cupid's net
ık of nought but *Lovely Bet.*

II.

ɔſſeſs'd of ev'ry charm,
n the youthful heart alarm;
ıces all for once are met
ɔrate my *Lovely Bet.*

III.

ɛrs, ſtupid, weak and old,
to count their bags of gold;
nought that I deſire to get
ny deareſt *Lovely Bet.*

IV.

Should I a kingly throne aſcend,
And thouſands at my footſtool bend,
'Midſt all the pomp I'd not forget
The ever charming, *Lovely Bet.*

V.

When round her neck I claſp my arms,
And feaſt my ſenſes with her charms;
All cares are fled, I ceaſe to fret,
And could reſign a world for *Bet.*

VI.

How ſmoothly ſhould I paſs my life,
Could I but call the charmer wife;
No tears again my eyes ſhould wet,
Was I poſſeſs'd of *Lovely Bet.*

THEORON TO ELIZA:

ALTERED FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF A FRIEND, AT HIS REQUEST.

HOU know'ſt, Eliza, I eſteem thee more
ın e'er the miſer did his golden ſtore;
ɔu know'ſt that nought to me is half ſo dear,
l yet thy coldneſs drives me to deſpair:
learn the cauſe I this epiſtle ſend,
l hope you'll to my ſad complaints attend.

erhaps ſome other object fills thy mind,
ın me more wealthy, tho' not half ſo kind;
ıouſand boding fears diſturb my peace,
h hour confirms, each moment they increaſe,
y did you to my firſt complaints attend?
y did you ſmile, and own me for your friend?
ı it to win my love, and fix the dart
ny too eaſy, fond and yielding heart?

For now, alas! I to my ſorrow find,
No tender looks to chear my drooping mind:
Tho' I make uſe of all my art to prove
How great my conſtancy, how fix'd my love;
In vain I try each ſoothing art to pleaſe,
And blindly lengthen out my own diſeaſe,
Didſt thou the feelings of my boſom know,
You would not torture and diſtreſs me ſo;
Some kind relief unto my ſoul you'd give,
And bid me for my dear Eliza live.

Near to thy dwelling is a verdant vale,
Where new-blown flow'rs their odours ſweet exl
There winged choirs ſalute the riſing day,
And ſweetly ſing the morning hours away;
The harmleſs ruſtic there chaunts forth his ſong,
And mimic echoes all his notes prolong;
There eaſy ſhepherds tend their fleecy care
In cooling ſhades, and breathe the balmy air;
Each faithful ſwain his fav'rite maid enjoys,
And abſent wealth unchanging love ſupplies.

Supre

Supremely bleſt they wander ſide by ſide,
With harmleſs thoughts and virtue for their guide,
With ſongs and pleaſing tales they ſpend the day,
In pleaſing dreams they paſs the night away;
They know no change of fortune, feel no pain,
Pure love's receiv'd, pure love's return'd again.

I too, Eliza, once like them was bleſt,
And not a thought diſturb'd my peaceful breaſt,
When underneath yon pleaſing ſhade with you
We vow'd to love with conſtancy ſo true;
On thy fair arm I there enamour'd hung,
And caught the charming accents of thy tongue,
And felt unbounded pleaſures when you ſung;
With ſacred awe how often did we join,
In pray'rs and praiſes to the pow'rs divine;
Or hand in hand, with gratitude inſpir'd,
Trode o'er the lawns and nature's works admir'd;
Or when the night obſcur'd the face of day,
And ſilver Cynthia only light the way,

Then

Then ſeated in a bow'r where woodbines ſpring,
And plaintive Philomel delights to ſing,
Such heav'nly joy, ſuch bliſs we then did prove,
As only ſprings from pure exalted love.

But now, alas! thoſe halcyon days are o'er,
Your mind is chang'd, and Theoron's lov'd no more!
A cool indiff'rence in your looks I ſee,
And ev'ry ſmile is now transferr'd from me.
Yet, O Eliza, tell me,—tell me why
You thus from all my fond embraces fly;
O deign to ſoothe me with a ſoft reply.

My books and rural walks no longer pleaſe,
They give me pleaſure when my mind's at eaſe,
O'erwhelm'd with grief, forlorn, alone I rove
To ſome ſequeſter'd, deſolated grove;
From ſocial converſe I with ardor fly,
And ſeek a grot ſecur'd from ev'ry eye;
There ſtung with woes, for which no balm is found,
My briny tears bedew the thirſty ground.

Sighs

ighs follow ſighs, I ponder o'er my fate,
And long to know how I've incurr'd your hate:
Alas! Eliza, I but love too well
Thoſe charms of yours, that all around excel;
Your pleaſing form, with ev'ry virtue join'd,
Have wholly conquer'd and enſlav'd my mind.
I witneſs Heav'n,—for Heav'n alone can prove,
How much I ſuffer, and how much I love!

Of Albion's wealth was I the only lord,
Were mine the gems that India does afford;
For you they ſhould be all reſign'd by me,
For what are gold and gems compar'd with thee!
'Tis not in wealth to render bliſs compleat,
For often joyleſs are the rich and great;
Yet kings enjoy the ſplendors of a crown,
Yet dauntleſs heroes meet with high renown,
Their honors I with tranquil mind could view,
Supremely bleſt to ſpend my days with you.

1784.

ROBERT's

ROBERT's CHOICE.

SAYS Bob to Tom, whene'er I marry,
I'll teach my wife to fetch and carry;
I'll have no idle, flirting laſs,
That ſpends her minutes at the glaſs,
Admiring of her teeth and eyes,
And cheeks adorn'd with carmine dies.

Nor one with loud and clam'rous tongue,
That will be right however wrong;
Nor would I have my wife poſſeſs
A taſte for learning, wit, or dreſs;
Nor will I e'er a quill afford,
To tune her tinkling harpſichord.

My wife, if e'er ſhe means to pleaſe,
Muſt milk the cows and turn the cheeſe,
Muſt riſe i' th' morn before the ſun,
And ſee that all her work is done;

To houſhold buſineſs muſt attend,
And with her needle make and mend;
To pride muſt be a foe avow'd,
Leſt poverty ſhould knock aloud.

Whenever ſuch a one I find,
I'll not her imperfections mind,
About her form I'll not be fickle,
Tho' ſhe be crooked as a ſickle,
Nor ſhould I e'er with ſorrow trace
The pits and furrows of her face;
If ſhe's indulgent, kind and loving,
Ne'er with her clack my paſſion moving,
My conſcience tells me it is ſhe,
That Heav'n has made a wife for me,
To her I'd ſtick whate'er betide us,
And nought but death ſhall e'er divide us.

AN HYMN
FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY, 1795,
COMPOSED FOR THE CHOIR OF ANSTY.

I.

COME, Chriſtians, join the bliſsful choirs above,
And ſing the wonders of *Redeeming Love*;
In harmony your gratitude diſplay,
And greet with joy the *Saviour's* natal day.

CHORUS.

Let all abound with hymns of gratulation,
And give to GOD the Glory of Salvation.

II.

Let wars, let feuds, let every diſcord ceaſe,
And, like the wiſe-men, meet the *Prince of Peace*;
Let hallelujahs dwell on every tongue,
And true devotion animate the ſong.

CHORUS. Let all abound, &c.

Behol

III.

Behold he comes! the *Son of God* appears!
To ranſom ſinners and diſpel their fears;
Hark! hark! from heav'n ſeraphic trumpets ſound,
And angels ſpread the happy tidings round.
CHORUS. Let all abound, &c.

IV.

Glory to God the heavenly heralds cry,
Glory to God may all on earth reply,
Good-will to men henceforward ſhall be known,
And *Peace on Earth* erect a laſting throne.
CHORUS. Let all abound, &c.

V.

That hateful monſter, Death, with ſad diſmay,
Shall feel his fetters and reſign his prey;
The pow'rs of darkneſs ſhall for ever fall,
And JESUS reign triumphant over all.

CHORUS.

Let all abound with hymns of gratulation,
And give to GOD the glory of ſalvation.

AN EPITAPH
ON A FAVORITE DAUGHTER.

HERE lies the body of a darling child,
Whoſe form was pleaſing and her manners mild:
Too good on this beclouded earth to ſtay,
Heav'n took her home to realms of endleſs day.

AN HYMN.

NO more diſturb the ſhady groves,
With rural nymphs and mortal loves;
Reſign your airy tinkling lays,
And tune your harps to JESU's praiſe.

A brilliant ſun, or twinkling ſtar,
But emblems of his glories are;
Heav'n is enlighten'd with his rays,
And ſaints and angels ſhout his praiſe.

What

e'er we ſee to give delight,
; command aroſe to ſight;
wonder on his works I gaze,
ıll my ſoul is fill'd with praiſe.

)m and pow'r to him belong,
be confeſs'd by ev'ry tongue;
: heav'n and earth, and boiſt'rous ſeas,
to celebrate his praiſe.

ı! behold! his wond'rous love!
ıen he left the realms above,
: wond'ring angels at him gaze,
ll their harps attune his praiſe.

en of all degrees unite,
iew his goodneſs with delight;
l creation join to raiſe
ſing ſongs to JESU's praiſe.

ON HEARING A BELL RING OU

FOR THE

DEATH OF SOME PERSON.

AS o'er the vale in ſolitude I rove,
Some doleful bell ſalutes my liſt'ning ear,
Methinks it bids me fix my thoughts above,
And for a vaſt eternity prepare.

That Bell proclaims in moſt emphatic ſtrains,
Some ſoul hath left it's tenement of clay;
Prepare for death, ye thoughtleſs nymphs and ſ
And ne'er forget your laſt departing day.

Perhaps ſome father mourns an only child,
While all in tears the mother feeds her grief,
Perhaps ſome wife has loſt a huſband mild,
Who lov'd her well, and was her beſt relief.

Pe

erhaps ſome nymph with radiant piercing eyes,
With ruby lips, and cheeks of roſy hue,
'o Death has paid a final ſacrifice,
And bid the world and all it's ſnares adieu.

e who it will, of this we may be ſure,
A time muſt come when we alike muſt die;
'hen let us ſtrive ſalvation to ſecure,
That we may live with GOD above the ſky.

THOUGHTS
ON GOING TO
DIVINE WORSHIP.

O GOD, unto thy houſe of pray'r,
Let me with humble heart repair,
Leave all the things of earth behind,
And heav'n alone employ my mind.

For what are all the things below,
But empty toys and gilded woe,
Improper food to feed the mind,
That leave a ſore diſguſt behind.

Had I an eaſtern monarch's wealth,
And all my bones rejoic'd with health,
Yet I ſhould truly wretched be,
If unacquainted, LORD, with thee.

O teach me, LORD, thyſelf to know,
Look down and thy rich grace beſtow;
O wean my ſoul from objects here,
And let a glimpſe of heav'n appear.

Then tho' the world ſhould on me frown,
And no ſucceſs my wiſhes crown,
Yet I'll in ſpite of all rejoice,
And lift to GOD a cheerful voice.

STREPHON TO DELIA.

LET coy reſerve be laid aſide,
And ſpeak your mind with freedom;
) condeſcend to be my bride,
And carpers,—never heed them.

ſhould Providence our union bleſs,
And ſmile on our endeavours,
Ve more than monarchs ſhould poſſeſs,
And need no greater favors.

'hen let us, without more delay,
Repair to Hymen's temple,
'aſt all our doubts and fears away,
And ſet a good example.

low bleſt it is to be with thoſe
From whom we'd ne'er be parted,
: can diſpel the bitter woes
Of all the broken hearted.

AN

AN EXCLAMATION

OF A

PERSON IN TROUBLE OF MIND.

I'M almoſt diſtracted, ſo great is my trouble,
Which inſtead of decreaſing each day becomes dc
My heart is now grown quite a ſtranger to pleaſi
Contentment I've loſt, that invaluable treaſure;
'Tis heaven alone can extinguiſh my ſorrow,
And, tho' mourning to day, make me gladſon
morrow.

MR. S—— TO MISS B——.

OW' bleſt have I been when the weather was fair,
walking with you to inhale the freſh air!
w bleſt have I been in the ſhade of the grove,
embrace you, and talk of the pleaſures of love!
e nothing my raptures and joy could excel!
ne,—none but true lovers my pleaſure can tell!
iſh for your preſence from morning to night,
d grow more enamour'd at ev'ry freſh ſight.

LOVELY SALLY.

OVELY Sally, deign to hear me,
Grant relief unto my heart;
int one ſmiling look to cheer me,
And a ray of hope impart.

Smitten

Smitten by thoſe matchleſs beauties,
Which are in your face diſplay'd,
Warm and earneſt now my ſuit is
That you'd heal the wounds you've made.

Ev'ry time that I behold you,
Ev'ry time I hear you ſing,
Ev'ry time my arms enfold you,
I'm more happy than a king.

Was the world and all it's ſplendor,
All it's pomp and riches mine,
Theſe I could with joy ſurrender,
All for you I could reſign.

Raptures ſweet beyond expreſſion
Should I taſte if bleſt with you,
So ſincere and warm's my paſſion,
Nought but death can it ſubdue.

MR. A—— TO MISS W——.

[fields, O Miſs W——, are ſtored with wheat,
orchard affords a ſweet ſhady retreat;
can walk in the eve by the clear purling ſtream,
ile Sol in the weſt ſheds his bright ruddy beams;
ſtand underneath our thick jeſſamine bow'rs,
ilſt clouds are enriching the earth with their
ſhow'rs;
liſt to the birds in the verdant-leav'd trees,
breathe the ſweet odours convey'd by the breeze:
ould you like, my dear miſs, to enjoy ſuch a life?
you ſhould, anſwer yes, and I'll make you my wife.

MISS

MISS W—— TO Mr. A——;

IN ANSWER.

WHAT tho' in your fields you have plenty
And your orchard affords a ſweet ſhady retr
Tho' you boaſt of the pleaſures convey'd
ſtreams,
And paint in juſt colors bright Phœbus's be
What tho' you have gardens with thick ſhad
That ſcent all the air with the ſweets of thei
What tho' you have all to accommodate life
There's ſomething ſtill wanting to make you
Tho' I own I reſpect you as much as a brot
My heart is engag'd,—it is fix'd on another.

RURALINDUS TO PISCATOR:

A CARD.

RUralindus returns his beſt thanks for the fiſh,
Of which he receiv'd a moſt elegant diſh,
And wiſhes it was in his pow'r to requite him,
With ſomething that might entertain and delight him;
But, alas! it is not in his pow'r at the preſent
To ſend to Piſcator a ſimilar preſent;
To a friend ſo indulgent at preſent muſt wait,
For fiſh are too cunning to catch at his bait.
Yet if he's *ne'er* able to make a return,
His gratitude ever with ardor ſhall burn;
Of a kindneſs ſo great he will e'er be obſervant,
And ever remain his obſequious ſervant.

AN EPISTLE
TO
MESSRS. PARNEL, TRUSWELL, STONE, AND PEGG.

STONE, PARNEL and TRUSWELL, and eke
JOHNNY PEGG,
Once more am I forc'd your indulgence to beg;
O do not delay abſolution to give,
But let a poor penitent criminal live:
For Shakeſpear, your bard, of immortal renown,
Says mercy becomes a king more than his crown;
Then ſure my ingenious young Warwickſhire friends
Will never deſpiſe what their bard recommends;
I know you will ſoon diſſipate all my pain,
And take your friend GUMLEY to favor again.

But leſt I ſhould treſpaſs too much on your time,
And ſpoil a good tale for the ſake of a rhyme,

I'll

ll let my defence and excuſes remain,
'ill we happily meet all together again.

Well, how go you on with your angles and lines,
our ſquares & your circles, your tangents & ſines?
'atheſis and you are ſtill friends, I don't doubt,
nleſs ſome fair females have made you fall out:
r women, dear women, do wonderful things,
ongſt peaſants, philoſophers, heroes and kings.

Perhaps before this, to invigorate life,
ou're each of you bleſt with a handſome young wife:
ſo may you, all of you, conſtantly find
our ſpouſes ingenious, induſt'rous and kind:
r ſhould they prove croſs, they will rail with their tongues,
nd ſpoil calculations, enigmas and ſongs.

But why ſhould I thus on your patience intrude,
may be by Cupid you're ſtill unſubdu'd;
ou may laugh at the urching and fancy his darts,
'ill never be able to enter your hearts.

But tho' you're ſecure and impregnable yet,
You one time or other to love muſt ſubmit.

But when ſhall we next all together appear,
To talk about arts, o'er a pot of good beer?
Say when we ſhall meet at ſome place to rehearſe
Our diff'rent improvements in ſcience and verſe?
The time and the place I ſhall leave unto you,
And hope you'll appoint them without more ado.

Now pray, my good friends, let me hear from you ſoon,
Which will pleaſe me far more than a dinner at noon;
Be quick,—very quick with whatever you ſend,
And you'll greatly oblige

YOUR TRUE SERVANT AND FRIEND.

RURALINDUS

RURALINDUS TO RURALINDA.

) Thou adorn'd with each attractive grace,
. virtuous mind and ſoul inchanting-face,
Vhoſe lovely form ſurrounding crowds admire,
Vhoſe lively wit does ev'ry boſom fire;
) hear for once your ſupplicating ſwain,
.nd deign,—O deign to mitigate my pain.

Were crowns and kingdoms mine to give away,
Ir was the world all ſubject to my ſway,
.ll,—all I could with wond'rous joy reſign,
by theſe means I might but call you mine.

Would heav'n, all gracious, but aſſign my lot
'o dwell with you beneath an humble cot,
hen I'd rejoice if only bleſt with health,
nd pity all the grov'ling ſons of wealth:
/ith what delight ſhould I behold the ſpring!
ow joy to hear the feather'd ſongſters ſing!

Their artleſs notes would more true joy inſpire
Than all the muſic of an Handel's lyre.
The flow'r-clad plain, the proud aſpiring hill,
The gurgling fountain and the cryſtal rill,
The bleeting flocks, the gently-fanning breeze,
And all around would have the pow'r to pleaſe.

Then, Ruralinda, let me,—let me love,
And with a ſmile my wretchedneſs remove;
For once let pity,—heav'nly pity reign,
And doom me not to ſpend my hours in pain.

But O! I fear 'tis vain for me to plead,
For in your looks I no compaſſion read;
Ne'er from thoſe lips one tender word obtain,
My ſighs, my words, my tears are all in vain.

In vain amongſt my friends I ſeek relief,
Their kind advice does but augment my grief;
To books and ſtudies I in vain apply,
For books and ſtudies all relief deny.

Sometimes

Sometimes amidſt the noiſy town I ſtray,
In hopes to drive my am'rous cares away;
In hopes amidſt the mingled ſcenes around,
My thoughts may vary, and my griefs be drown'd;
But their deep ſorrow hangs upon my ſoul,
And love ſtill reigns unmindful of controul.

Beſide the brook that purls adown the vale
How oft do I my hapleſs lot bewail!
Pour out in ſighs the anguiſh of my mind,
And pray the pow'rs above to make you kind,
The wool-clad flocks have often heard my moans,
While Philomela gives her plaintive tones.

The black-bird with a ſweet melodious tune,
The linnet warbling in the ſhades at noon;
The flow'rs enrich'd with various lovely dies,
From whence ſo many grateful ſcents ariſe,
Can ne'er alas! now diſſipate the gloom,
Or make me mindleſs of my evil doom:

Without

Without refreſhment all the breezes blow,
And echo ſighs reſponſive to my woe.

O! condeſcend your faithful ſwain to ſave,
O! ſnatch me from the borders of the grave!
O! let me claſp thee in my longing arms,
Pour out my ſoul and feaſt upon thy charms!
O! let me preſs thy lovely lips to mine,
And loſe my pains in raptures half divine!

THE MISER's WEEK OF TROUBLE.

ON Sunday-night I loſt my purſe,
Could any have misfortune worſe?
On Monday-night I loſt a friend,
On whom I always could depend;
On Tueſday-night I loſt my wife,
Who ſweeten'd all the joys of life;
On Wedneſday-night I loſt a ſon,
And he alas an only one;
On Thurſday-night I loſt a brother,
But few can boaſt of ſuch another;
On Friday-night I loſt my cow,
A very good-one all allow;
On Saturday I loſt my nag,
Of which I often us'd to brag:
Yet every loſs I could ſuſtain
Could I but find my purſe again;
It's bright contents can give me joy,
Tho' every friend around me die.

AN

AN INVITATION IN SPRING.

COME Laura, thou woman moſt dear to my he
The ſeaſon invites us to rove;
The cowſlips their delicate odours impart,
The ſpring-tide appears in the grove.

The black-bird and linnet how ſweetly they ſing
The vallies how gaily they're dreſt!
Each ſwain is content and more joy'd than a kin
Each nymph of her wiſh is poſſeſt.

Then bid an adieu to the noiſe of the town,
The peace of the country to ſhare;
All thoughts of ambition and buſtle lay down,
And come, O my delicate fair.

AN EPITAPH ON W—— H——, ESQ.

BENEATH this ſtone a mortal lies
Who ne'er was counted good or wiſe,
A ſtupid, awkward, ſenſeleſs drone,
Who ſought to ſerve himſelf alone:
When he pretended other's good,
His own was always underſtood.

Contention was his chief delight,
His mind was ever fill'd with ſpite,
Peace fled away where'er he came,
And diſcord glory'd in his name,
A man of ſenſe would ne'er come nigh him,
Or, if they did, they'd quickly fly him,

His

His charity made no heart glad,
For that was what he never had:
So ſcorn'd he was by all the poor,
That beggars ſpurn'd his hateful door.
But now his dirty tricks are done,
His race of infamy is run,
And tho' a tomb's erected here,
His death could not produce a tear,
His ſervants, children, and his ſpouſe,
Were glad that he had left the houſe:
All wiſh (nor let them wiſh in vain)
His like may ne'er be found again.

WELLS TRIUMPHANT.

The Harbour at WELLS, *in* Norfolk, *was nearly choaked up, (ſo much as to impede the Trade of the Town) which was occaſioned by ſome opulent greedy individuals making embankments to ſtop the uſual extenſion of the tide; in conſequence of which, the merchants and men of property commenced a trial againſt the ſaid encroachments, and obtained a verdict for the banks to be taken down, and the tide to flow as uſual. At the requeſt of ſome of the ſaid inhabitants, the following lines were written.*

YE men of WELLS and country round,
Forget your ſorrows paſt,
Let mirth and jollity abound,
For Juſtice reigns at laſt.

Brave CHAD and HILL* ſo nobly ſtood
To vindicate your cauſe,
That all your foes the day have ru'd
They trampled on the laws.

* *Two capital Merchants.*

They once exulted in their ſhame,
And thought themſelves ſecure,
Fair Commerce loſt her ancient fame,
And famine ſcar'd the poor.

But now the day, the day's your own,
Your rights are now regain'd,
For HARDING* talked injuſtice down,
And bold oppreſſion's chain'd.

Your peaceful town with plenty ſtor'd,
Shall ſhine as heretofore,
And not a P—r, Kn—t, or L—d
Have pow'r to hurt you more.

Then, all ye ſons of freedom round,
Forget your ſorrows paſt,
Let mirth and jollity abound,
For Juſtice reigns at laſt.

* *A Counſellor for the Town.*

AN HYMN
FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY, 1796,
MADE FOR, AND SUNG BY THE CHOIR OF ANSTY.

I.

HARK! hark! to the ſkies
Acclamations ariſe,
Saviour! a Saviour! is come;
A Saviour for men!
O repeat it again,
Saviour! a Saviour! is come.

II.

Rejoice at his birth
O ye ſons of the earth,
nd lay your contentions aſide;
For JESUS was born,
In a ſtation forlorn,
o conquer ambition and pride.

III.

The prophets of old
With rapture foretold,
This bleſſing by Heav'n beſtow'd;
Ev'n angels above
Were amaz'd at the love,
And ſpread the glad tidings abroad.

IV.

Let the gladſome news ſound
To the regions around,
O ſpread it from pole unto pole;
Let devotion and joy
Be your conſtant employ,
And gratitude fire ev'ry ſoul.

V.

O let us whilſt here,
Jesu's precepts revere,
And all his monitions attend;
That when this life's o'er,
We may reach the bright ſhore,
Where happineſs never will end.

THE FAITHFUL MAID.

UKEY's a maid of graceful ſize,
/ith roſy cheeks and ſparkling eyes,
ı whom the graces all combine,
nd all the heav'nly virtues ſhine;
'nlike thoſe nymphs of fickle mind,
'hat turn and change with every wind,
'hat rove about to gather news,
nd wed from intereſted views;
/ho ſpend the ſweeteſt days of life,
ı nonſenſe, noiſe and needleſs ſtrife.
he emulates the ſaints above,
ı virtuous deeds and faithful love,
or would ſhe e'er to gain a nation
ajure a neighbour's reputation.
'o hear her ſpeak and ſee her move
Vould fire an hermit's heart with love;

No wonder then, that youthful ſwains
Adore the nymph and tell their pains,
That each implores the Paphian throne,
To make the charming maid his own.

Young John, who featly guides the plough,
And threſhes out the barley-mow,
Makes her all day his chief delight,
And thinks of nought but her at night.
But ah! poor John, bid love adieu,
For Sukey's not an heart for you.

Tall Sam the baker deeply ſighs,
So ſmit by Sukey's piercing eyes,
He ſpoils his puddings, cakes and pies.
At times unfit he leaves his bed,
O'er-heats his ov'n and burns his bread.
Whene'er he ſtrives to tell his tale,
His tongue is ty'd and ſpirits fail;
At humble diſtance, lo! he ſtands,
With fixed eyes and folded hands;

Each

ıch attitude his love reveals,
nd ſighs declare the pangs he feels;
t length his tongue begins to move,
ıt all he ſays is "Sue I love."——
Sam, this hopeleſs ſuit decline,
r Sukey never will be thine.

Old Gripus next, aſſur'd to win,
'ith ſtamm'ring voice and ſtupid grin,
'ith limping gait and awkard twitches,
e ſtrives to ſhew the uſe of riches,
e tells her love will diſappoint her,
nleſs connected with a jointure,
hat wealth alone our bliſs ſecures,
ıd will as long as life endures;
hat thoſe which fail t' increaſe their ſtore
:e ſtupid fools and nothing more:
y dear, ſays he, if you'd be wife,
ıd into eſtimation riſe,
come, all charming as thou art,
ıd give to me thy hand and heart;

For

For when thy beauties I behold,
I love you more than all my gold;
Then, Sukey, with my wiſh comply,
And all is your's whene'er I die.
O ſtupid wretch, thy ſuit decline,
For Sukey never will be thine.

By you, nor Sam, nor ploughman John,
Fair Sukey's heart will e'er be won;
On Richard only will ſhe fix,
For whom ſhe'd ſcorn a coach and ſix,
With all the glare that charms the proud,
And ſets agog the vulgar crowd:
Full well ſhe knows that real joy,
Nor gold, nor ſparkling gems can buy;
Nor would ſhe deign with you to live,
For all the wealth the world can give.

Not all the ſwains that fondly gaze,
And ſpeak ſo much in Sukey's praiſe;

Not all the nymphs with envy fill'd,
In falſhood and detraction ſkill'd;
Nor friends, by threats and ſoothing art,
Can drive young Richard from her heart.
And who can juſtly blame the fair?
For he deſerves her utmoſt care.
Like him you'll find but very few,
His merit's great, his love is true.
For her he'd face a tyrant's frowns,
And ſcorn his wealth and ſplendid crowns.
When firſt the youthful maid he ſaw,
His mind was fill'd with love and awe,
To guard his heart, in vain he tries,
Againſt thoſe ſweet bewitching eyes;
For from thoſe eyes a ſingle glance
Can conquer more than ſword and lance;
They make the moſt obdurate yield,
And boaſted reaſon quit the field.
Yet tho' with every charm endu'd,
In action ſhe is not a prude,

For

For when he told his tender tale,
She let the voice of love prevail;
Nor, as ſhe knew his worth and ſenſe,
Did ſhe retain him in ſuſpenſe;
His ſuit with modeſt joy ſhe hears,
And ſoon diſperſes all his fears,
Her condeſcending ſmiles impart
The ſweeteſt raptures to his heart;
And each enjoys the rare delight
That's found when kindred ſouls unite.
O may their mutual joys increaſe,
And all their days be bleſt with peace;
May Hymen crown their wiſhes ſoon,
And all their days be honey-moon.

ELIZA TO THEORON;

IN ANSWER TO HIS ADDRESS TO HER.

(SEE PAGE 149.)

HY kind epiſtle, The'ron, I've receiv'd,
ur ſad complaints have much Eliza griev'd.
w can you think I can forget to love?
ſoon may mountains from their ſtations move;
o well I know thy worth, beloved youth,
ligion guides thee, and thy words are truth;
ıy goodneſs and thy tenderneſs I've prov'd,
ıd 'tis my joy to find myſelf belov'd:
y heart is thine, you have no cauſe to fear,
y love is ardent, conſtant and ſincere.
nake no ſcruple to avow my flame,
ıo' prudes may laugh and think me much to blame.

Attend, dear youth, while I the cauſe aſſign
he reaſon why I made you thus to pine.

Some

Some time ago a rumour did prevail,
(And, O! my heart believ'd the groundleſs tale)
That you was ſmitten with another's charms,
And a few weeks would bring you to her arms.
With grief and rage I unperceiv'd withdrew,
Wept myſelf calm and thought I hated you.
I thought I hated, and forgot the dart
Had deeply pierc'd my ſelf-deluded heart.
I thought I'd conquer'd, but I lov'd too well,
For fervent love, O who's the pow'r to quell!
A ſmile of triumph on my face appear'd,
And by my fortitude I much was chear'd.
With haughty looks and with contemptuous air,
I walk'd the room, and fancy'd you was there;
I ſpoke with warmth, revil'd, contemn'd you quite,
And thought my birth might ſave me from your ſlight;
While you, abaſh'd, diſtreſs'd and ſore amaz'd,
Like a mute ſtatue on the carpet gaz'd.

Begone,

Be gone, falſe youth, ſaid I, tho' once ſo dear,
For thou no longer haſt poſſeſſion here:
Hence from my ſight! with thy new charmer ſtray
O'er the green paſtures and the flow'ry way;
Link'd arm in arm with thy Amanda go,
I could no more,—for tears began to flow.
Alas! poor maid! too ſoon like me thou'lt prove,
His broken vows, and his too faithleſs love.
Alas! like mine will thy fond heart believe,
His flatt'ring tongue will thy fond heart deceive.
O what conflicting paſſions riv'd my breaſt!
I hop'd, deſpair'd, and found, alas! no reſt;
I rav'd, I ſigh'd, I lov'd and hated too,
Yet found my heart was ſtill attach'd to you;
I from my head it's decorations tore,
For decorations I eſteem no more;
No more admire the beauties of the ſpring,
Or walk abroad to hear the black-birds ſing,
Sometimes, indeed, upon my lute I play,
A melting, tender, ſympathizing lay;

But that, alas! tends only to increaſe
My boſom-anguiſh and exclude my peace:
My body waſtes beneath my mental pain,
While friends enquire and ſeek the cauſe in vain;
My parents watch me with the tend'reſt care,
And take me forth to breathe the vernal air.
Were they to know, I ſhould their anger feel,
And—O! how hard my paſſion to conceal.

I well remember as I walk'd along,
To view the flow'rs and hear the warbler's ſong,
My deareſt The'ron paſs'd, all-penſive, by,
I ſaw his tears, I heard him deeply ſigh;
Convinc'd I was that faithful was his flame,
He loves I cry'd, and I have been to blame.
I mourn'd, I ſigh'd, to ſee you thus diſtreſt,
And wiſh'd ſincerely I could make you bleſt;
My boſom glow'd, I prais'd the pow'rs above,
For making me the object of your love;
I pray'd ſincerely that they would incline
My parents' hearts to give me to be thine.

O, The'ron,

O, The'ron, would thy virtues but inſpire,
Their hearts to grant what both of us deſire!
To nothing more would my 'rapt ſoul aſpire.
Mutual our thoughts, we hand in hand would join,
The happy ſymbol of a love divine.

From thee I ſhould the charms of virtue know,
Which from thy tongue with eloquence doth flow.
Peace, hope and joy, we ev'ry day might prove,
And paſs our time in undivided love.
When will that happy, happy time arrive,
When you'll be mine and when we thus can live?

But, O new dangers riſe, new fears diſmay,
Haſte to repreſs, and baniſh them away;
Thy ſight alone can theſe new fears repreſs,
O, The'ron, I've a volume to rehearſe.
Weary I grow, and now my pen reſign,
Yet know, my The'ron, I'm for ever thine.

N. B. The above was altered from the Production of a poetical Friend, at his Requeſt.

THE NILE AND THE SEA:

A FABLE.

The NILE *and the* SEA *was ſome years ag me by a Friend, and as I cannot learn hath been at any time printed, I preſum it a place here, hoping it will prove agr my readers.*

LIFE a dependent chain appears,
With links to join its ſeveral ſpheres;
Shew judging reaſon when you will
One plac'd on high, there's higher ſtill;
'Till ſtrain'd progreſſion mounts the ſky,
And melts in vaſt Infinity.

Pride, like a priſm ſuch tints reveals
As wiſdom's naked eye conceals,
How idly vain then mortal man,
Whoſe fleeting life is but a ſpan,

Tho' rais'd on fortune's boldeſt wing,
Tho' rich, a brave, a happy king,
Who thinks, with ſelf-ſufficient ſpirit,
All centres in his boundleſs merit;
Who, void of gratitude and ſenſe,
Diſclaims parental providence;
Whence all above and all below,
Wealth, happineſs and courage flow!
The king of rivers, ſev'n-mouth Nile,
Which yearly floods the neighb'ring ſoil;
Which loads with grain the teeming earth,
And gives a thouſand harveſts birth,
Once, like a human coxcomb, thought
His pow'r alone thoſe bleſſings wrought;
What is, he cried, the thirſty ſea
In competition ſet with me?
My ſprings, my ſtreams, ſupport it's tide,
Whoſe mighty gulf muſt, unſupply'd,
Turn to a wild and barren ſhore,
The boaſting wat'ry world no more.

To ſcatter bleſſings round, I reign,
And fertilize a vaſt domain;
Which wiſely annual homage pays,
In fit return of grateful praiſe;
While yonder congregated flood
Does none or very little good:
And yet it's haughty billows riſe,
As if to brave th' unheeding ſkies:
What ſtoic here could check a ſmile,
To hear the ſea compar'd with Nile?
The ſelf-ſufficient river ſpoke,
In ſounds, like clouds of thunder broke,
'Till ev'n it's Crocodiles began
To vie with huge Leviathan;
And thought they muſt in reaſon be
Of greater ſize and quality.
Old ocean heard, and, tho' diſdain
Had beſt repaid a ſpeech ſo vain,
He choſe with condeſcenſion mild
Thus to rebuke his eldeſt child,

Reſtrain,

Reſtrain, preſuming brook, thy pride;
Tho' thou, and all thy ſprings, were dry'd,
Thy petty tribute hardly miſs'd,
In glory I ſhould ſtill exiſt.
Who gives the ſun exhaling beams,
The moiſture to ſupply thy ſtreams?
Who gives the fleecy clouds their rain
To ſprinkle thirſty earth again?
Thou but return'ſt what I have lent,
To form a fruitful continent.
Rais'd in thy own opinion high,
Thou think'ſt not, that beyond the ſky
There dwells a pow'r, a Gen'ral Source,
Who gave the elements their courſe;
Who gave the lower world it's birth,
Of water framing it and earth;
Who fix'd to each the proper bound,
And mantled them with æther round;
Who mark'd the glorious ſun his way,
Who bid it ſhine and give the day;

Who

Who ſpangled o'er with gems of light
The mild cerulean robe of night;
Who gave, in his omnipotence,
To beaſt their ſtrength, to man his ſenſe;
Who cloath'd the birds with plumed grace,
Who fiſhes form'd a ſcaly race;
Who fix'd the ſeaſons varying round,
With different fruits and emblems crown'd;
The eye-enlivening pregnant ſpring,
With vegetation on it's wing;
The bridegroom ſummer deck'd with flow'rs,
And blooming nature's ſtrongeſt pow'rs.
Autumn in golden honors clad,
The peaſant's humble hopes to glad,
Hoar winter, with it's chilly train
Of earth refreſhing froſts and rain.
'Tis Providence which all beſtows,
No atom ſelf-exiſtent grows:
'Twas Providence created me,
And hence was form'd a ſource for thee;

'Tis Providence that gives again
Thy borrow'd waters to the main;
'Tis Providence with boundleſs pow'rs
That melts them to propitious ſhow'rs;
'Tis Providence ſuſpends them high,
Condens'd in clouds 'twixt earth and ſky;
From Providence all bleſſings flow,
Which animated beings know;
'Tis Providence which reigns thro' all,
Which guides and ſhields this earthly ball.
Content with my exalted ſtate,
Learn wiſdom and be truly great;
Remember thy majeſtic flood
Th' Eternal gave for others' good;
Not for thyſelf alone deſign'd,
But to enrich and bleſs mankind.
Perform on nature's ſtage thy part;
Well ſatisfied with what thou art;
Wiſely ſupport thy rank and ſpirit,
By aiming at ſuperior merit;

Not

Nor, vainly ſeeking higher ſtile,
In claiming more be leſs than Nile;
Like human fools who with ſuch care
Build baſeleſs caſtles in the air;
Which riſe at magic-folly's call,
And with the breath of reaſon fall.
Thus venerable ocean ſaid
And ſunk beneath the waves his head.

THE SERENADE.

WHILE Philomel in artleſs ſtrains,
Does warble thro' the grove,
And to the murm'ring wind complains
The abſence of her love;
I'll to the well-known ſpot repair,
Eliza's dear alcove,
And there addreſs the charming fair
In melting ſtrains of love.

t a paſſion more ſincere
ortal e'er was felt,
'd with many a ſigh and tear,
ree from every guilt!
t have I forſook repoſe,
tender heart to move,
ght to tell her all my woes,
lting ſtrains of love!

l Eliza but comply
ſe her Colin's pain,
none would be more bleſt than I
the cheerful plain:
d ſhe take me to her arms,
ll my doubts remove,
ſing her heav'nly charms
ting ſtrains of love.

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

DEAR charmer, if pity's contain'd in your breaſt,
Give ear to my ſighs and afford me ſome reſt,
For I wretched ſwain am ſo ſorely diſtreſs'd,
My anguiſh can never by words be expreſs'd.

I riſe in the morn ſoon as Phœbus appears,
Forlorn and dejected, o'erwhelmed with cares;
All day I'm tormented with doubts and with fears,
And nightly I water my couch with my tears.

To the fields, all dejected, ſometimes I do ſtray,
Where flow'rs without number their beauties diſpl
Where birds warble forth the harmonious lay,
And nature around looks inchanting and gay.

Sometim

Sometimes I endeavour my mind to conſole,
And think that my friends can my paſſion control;
But, alas! with freſh fury my ſorrows do roll,
And an horrible gloom overwhelmeth my ſoul.

In ſhort, O my fair one, no peace I enjoy,
Each beautiful object my mind doth annoy;
Then do not,—O do not continue ſo coy,
But yield me a ſmile and elate me with joy.

TO ******* ****.

STILL, Deareſt Charmer, muſt I ſtill ſuſtain
Unceaſing love and unremitting pain?
Still muſt old Mammon ſo ſucceſsful prove,
And keep me from the object of my love?
Not all the wealth the Indies can beſtow,
Nor all the joys that kings and princes know,

Are able, without you, to cheer my mind,
Have pity then, and let me ſee you kind.
Muſt I, unhappy wretch, for ever mourn,
Unheard, unſeen, unpity'd and forlorn!
Ne'er muſt I hear one kind indulgent word,
Nor ſee thoſe charms that ſuch delight afford?
O deign to hear, let pity move your heart,
Forbear to chide, and ſome relief impart.
Was I, O was I but poſſeſt of you,
I'd bid my fears and eviry grief adieu,
Long as we liv'd my love ſhould never ceaſe,
But grow more fervent as my days increaſe;
And always ſhall I, howſoe'er diſtreſt,
Rejoice to hear that you by heav'n are bleſt,
Still may you ev'ry lawful pleaſure know,
That you can wiſh, or Providence beſtow;
On downy pinions may your minutes move,
Nor meet the pangs of diſappointed love.

A CHARACTER

IN REAL LIFE.

FROM a town, or a foreſt, a cavern, or cell,
('Tis hard to determine, for no man can tell)
A little diminutive creature is ſprung,
Which many have wiſh'd long ago to be hung.
You never beheld ſuch an odd-minded creature,
So petulant, peeviſh, ſo full of ill-nature,
So ready to ſpy all the faults of his neighbours,
To make and ſpy miſchief he conſtantly labours.
In ſwearing and lying ſo perfect he's grown,
Th' infernals may call him a babe of their own.
He's wondrouſly fond of a turkey or gooſe,
Which if he can't get he's a demon let looſe;
But treat him with theſe and a glaſs of good wine
And you may accompliſh whate'er you deſign:

Ev'n ſmugglers, who might have expected reſiſtance,
For a bribe had the fortune to gain his aſſiſtance;
But thinking they paid him too well for his pains,
They drubb'd him and took his iniquitous gains.

He's a creature ſo odd I'll endeavour to ſhew him,
And give a few items by which you may know him;
He's a face that is almoſt as ſharp as an hatchet,
You never beheld a phys'og that could match it;
With a frown unremitting his brows are contracted,
For conſcience muſt ſting, when he thinks how he's acted;
His mien is ſo mean, 'tis the jeſt of beholders,
And like an old monkey he ſets up his ſhoulders;
His legs are like ſpindles, and body as ſlender
As ever were ſeen between London and Bender;
He's ſo much like an ape, that whenever he rides,
To ſee him you'd laugh 'till you crack'd both your ſides;
Yet, ſtrange as he is, without trouble or ſtrife,
The fates have aſſign'd him a fair handſome wife;

In

In kindneſs ſhe alſo ſo much does excel,
If her huſband ſhe loves, ſhe loves others as well;
She's likewiſe a ſiſter who lives with a lord,
And beauty you know will draw more than a cord.

This ſiſter, whoe'er was a friend and adviſer,
Procur'd him a place, he was dubb'd ſuperviſor;
But ſuch was his conduct, wherever he came,
That all men abhorr'd and deteſted his name:
Fools & rogues will have fortune, whatever their ends,
Thus he may ſtill thank his warm petticoat friends;
For, lo! he now bluſters, as proud as old Hector,
And, cover'd with infamy's made a collector.
He fancies he's great, a moſt wonderful wiſe-man,
And looks with contempt on a ſimple exciſeman:
Ah! woe to the men that come under his clutches,
His charity's little, his ill-nature much is!
But why ſhould I longer thus blacken my pen,
With a creature unworthy the notice of men!
Then ſtop, O my muſe, and now let him alone,
For he's hiſs'd at and hated wherever he's known.

TO AMANDA.

DEAR Amanda, hear your lover,
While he does his pain diſcover,
Hear him, gently hear him telling
Griefs that in his breaſt have dwelling;
From my preſent pains relieve me,
Which I long have had to grieve me.
You can't delight to ſee me languiſh
In unutterable anguiſh;
Sooner, by your looks divining,
Shall the ſun give over ſhining,
All the ſtars reſign their luſtre,
And no more their brightneſs muſter,
Than Amanda, ſo ſagacious,
E'er can be ſo much ungracious;

you void of tender kindneſs,
pt in intellectual blindneſs,
ıuld have much cauſe for fearing,
ıe ſailor when he's ſteering
ſome dang'rous part o' th' ocean
ı the winds in full commotion.

ıt your mind, ſo ſmooth and placid,
from each corroding acid,
umane and ſo diſcerning,
ly ſtor'd with uſeful learning,
ıot bear to hear me ſighing,
ıot bear to ſee me dying,
hout deigning to relieve me,
ɔn you know 'tis you that grieve me.

/hen I firſt (juſt ſo the caſe is)
your num'rous matchleſs graces,
n I loſt my former freedom,
as for books, I could not read them ;

Did

Did I ſeek relief from ſcience,
Love bade all ſuch things defiance.

O'er the fields at hours of leiſure,
Where I oft have had much pleaſure;
At the bottom of the mountains,
By the cryſtal rills and fountains,
Telling mournful tales to zephyrs,
Sighing 'mongſt the ſheep and heifers,
Have I rov'd in ſolemn ſadneſs,
Wiſhing pain might turn to gladneſs.

Like a lover truly ſmitten,
On the trees your name I've written,
Or like one that's almoſt ſtupid,
Sought the aid of gentle Cupid;
For without you I muſt ever
Be a moſt unhappy liver;
But if you ſhould deign to hear me,
Ev'ry object r[illegible]nd would cheer me.

ıe then, ſince I adore you,
ıe for relief implore you;
e not for ever mourning,
and meet no ſigh returning:
ith ſmiles your looks adorning,
me cheerful as the morning,
e not be longer ſlighted,
in love be quite united.

WINTER.

WINTER.

LO! Winter's come, our ſhiv'ring iſle ſhe greets,
And beaming lanterns decorate the ſtreets;
The ploughman quits the deſolated plain
To threſh in barns the life-upholding grain,
Poſſeſs'd of health, he all the cold defies,
And laughs at whiſtl'ing winds and low'ring ſkies.

See on the plains the youthful ruſtics meet,
And drive the ball before their nimble feet;
In icy chains now Boreas holds the floods,
Howls o'er the vales, and ſhakes the leafleſs woods;
The *honeſt Miller* dreads his furious gales,
Stops his machine and leſſens all her ſails;
The verdant honors of the fields decay,
And herbs and flow'rs in ſorrow fade away;
Thick ſnows, deſcending, hide the froſty ground,
Thus Winter ſpreads her deſolations round.

No

No more the ſhepherd tunes his pipe to love,
And mute are all the ſongſters of the grove;
The heav'n-taught bard, whoſe pleaſing numbers roll,
Unſtrings the lyre, and charms no more the ſoul.
See from the fields the ſhiv'ring ſquadrons fly,
And dwell in towns 'till ſummer ſmooths the ſky;
Each ſwain a cloſe and warm retreat explores,
And 'gainſt the weather cloſes all his doors.
With feeble rays the lamp of nature burns,
And low-hung clouds diſcharge their copious urns;
A gen'ral gloom o'erſpreads the face of things,
And night extends around her ſable wings.
But ſoon ſhall ſpring her ſmiling face diſplay,
And all creation own her genial ſway;
The birds ſhall ſing, the ſhepherd raiſe his voice,
And ev'ry nymph and ev'ry ſwain rejoice;
Beſide the brook the bard ſhall tune his ſong,
And zephyrs waft the heav'nly notes along;
In all her youthful charms ſhall nature ſhine,
And grateful ſouls adore the Hand Divine.

ON

ON WEALTH:

TO A FRIEND.

WHAT's Wealth? 'tis a toy, a mere play-thing or
bubble,
The idol of fools and the cauſe of much trouble;
Let miſers, delighted, examine their coffers,
I'd take the dear maid that Providence offers;
Be rich, or be poor, if ſincerely I love her,
There's nothing but death from my heart ſhall remove
her.
What joy can Wealth give in an ill-fated hour,
When ſickneſs diſcovers her prevalent pow'r?
Or what can it do when the grim tyrant death
Diſcovers his darts and demandeth your breath?
Then fix not on gold, 'tis a fallible truſt,
That will leave us to moulder and drop in the duſt.

LINES

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER AN OAK TREE,

JULY 11th, 1784.

WHILE underneath this grateful ſhade I lie,
Unſought, unſeen by any human eye,
My mind's unclogg'd with aught that might perplex,
No fears aſſail, no diſappointments vex;
I here enjoy the ſweets of calm repoſe,
Which worldlings with their ſhining grandeur loſe.

Nature around a verdant carpet ſpreads,
Where various flow'rs erect their gaudy heads;
Cowſlips and daiſies, and an hundred more,
My raviſh'd eyes do all around explore;
To th' ambient air their odours they diſpenſe,
So fragrant, ſo delightful to the ſenſe.

Above my head harmonious ſounds I hear,
Which pleaſe my mind and captivate my ear;
It is the thruſh, whoſe ſweet melodious ſtrains
Fly o'er the hills and fill the diſtant plains:
The larks and linnets too chant forth their ſongs,
And echo each delightful note prolongs.

Let monarchs boaſt their riches and their pow'r,
And on their foes their dreadful vengeance ſhow'r;
Let them by war their large domains extend,
And foreign princes at their footſtools bend;
Yet they, alas! can ne'er ſuch pleaſure find,
As here I taſte beneath this ſhade reclin'd.

ON

ON SEEING SOME FLOWERS ON THE BREAST OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.

O Happy flow'rs, could I but view
Myſelf ſo truly bleſt as you;
Could I, but be by her careſt,
And borne upon her tender breaſt;
Could I enwrapt with bliſs and joy,
Attract the notice of her eye;
I'd bid my trifling cares adieu,
And ſcorn the pow'r of riches too.

EPIGRAM.

WHEN Roger was ta'en from his houſe to the grave,
His wife was all bathed in tears;
She ſobb'd and ſhe ſigh'd, and ſhe ſadly did rave,
And filled her neighbours with fears.

Stop, ſtop, honeſt neighbour, this torrent of grief,
Cries Tom, in a pitiful tone,
You know that old death is a hard-hearted thief,
And never will let us alone.

It is not, ſays ſhe, for my huſband I weep,
I make not for him all this pother;
For he in his grave undiſturbed might ſleep,
If I was but ſure of another.

THE LYAR'S FATE.

A FABLE.

OF late there did live in a populous town,
A fool who us'd to cry fire! up and down;
At firſt he oft made his good neighbours uneaſy,
But, as he continu'd, they thought he was crazy;
So let him alone to do juſt as he pleas'd,
Reſolving no more with his whims to be teaz'd.
However, when Dick of his folly grew tir'd,
His houſe was by rogues or by accident fir'd;
As uſual he ran to alarum the ſtreets,
And tells the ſad tale to each one that he meets;
But, O 'tis in vain, for they all diſregard him,
And take no more notice than if they ne'er heard him.
Half mad he ran home, quite devoid of aſſiſtance,
When, lo! the proud flames will abide no reſiſtance,
But fiercely they rage, 'till the houſe is no more,
And Dick was entirely depriv'd of his ſtore.

MORAL.

By this you may ſee how the liar's rewarded,
Who when he ſpeaks truth is but ſeldom regarded.

THE HORSE AND ASS.

A FABLE, FROM ÆSOP.

AS in a meadow freſh and green
An horſe and aſs were feeding,
The horſe, affected much with ſpleen,
Began to ſhew his breeding.

Thou ſtupid, ugly wretch, ſaid he,
How dare you come ſo near me?
Was't not beneath my dignity,
I'd quickly make you fear me.

The patient aſs heard out his tale,
And thus return'd an anſwer;
Tho' now you boaſt you ſoon muſt fail,
And die by lordly man, ſir.

MORAL.

Let him who does the poor deſpiſe,
Be by the aſs admoniſh'd,
Leſt, when he on a death-bed lies,
He ſhould be ſore aſtoniſh'd.

DISTRESSED

DISTRESSED DAMON.

BENEATH an aged ſpreading oak
Young Damon was reclin'd,
And, while his heart with anguiſh broke,
He thus diſclos'd his mind.

O Chloe, muſt I ever mourn,
And never know relief?
Muſt love reſiſtleſs ever burn,
And nothing end my grief?

Yes, ſurely Death will prove my friend,
Should you be ſtill unkind,
The ſad tormenting pains he'll end,
That now diſtract my mind.

O come

O come then, Death, without delay,
Thy aid I now implore,
And waft me to the realms of day,
Where ſorrow's known no more.

Adieu, dear Chloe, then he ſaid,
Hung down his head and ſigh'd;
And while he for the fair one pray'd,
He ſtretch'd himſelf and dy'd.

AN EPIGRAM.

JOHN bought him a coat, which was greatly t
ſhort,
For which he was jeer'd by his brother,
John ſaid, brother Ned, it is ſhort it is true,
But this, as a friend, I can tell unto you,
'Twill be long enough ere I've another.

A

AN ANSWER TO A LETTER IN VERSE,

SENT TO A FRIEND OF MINE BY A YOUNG LADY. WRITTEN AT HIS REQUEST.

DEAR MISS,

I Have lately received a letter,
For which my conjectures declare me your debtor,
Yet truth muſt inform you I've ſeen many better.

You doubtleſs might think, as you'd plenty of leiſure,
'Twould tickle my fancy and fill me with pleaſure
To give me your thoughts in poetical meaſure.

But, alas! and alas! ſo unkind are the muſes,
That each of the nine her aſſiſtance refuſes,
And careleſs of you, Miſs, another friend chuſes.

Then pray my dear Miſs, let me have no more rhyming,
To the top of Parnaſſus no more attempt climbing,
For plain honeſt proſe you are much more ſublime in.

Howe'er, for your wiſhes, ſo ſeemingly fervent,
I'll thank you, and ever be duly obſervant
To prove that I am both

YOUR FRIEND AND YOUR SERVANT.

ON INGRATITUDE.

INGRATITUDE!—how the foul fiend I deteſt!
I hope ſhe will ne'er have a place in my breaſt!
I'd baniſh her,—O, that I would if I might!
To Tartarean glooms and the regions of night;
There let her abide, with infernals around,
And never again amongſt mortals be found.

TO FORTUNE.

DAME Fortune, I love and eſteem you, 'tis true,
And always have fought to be friendly with *you*;
But as for that lady, Miſs Fortune, your daughter,
I hate her, and all the foul tricks you have taught her;
She tortures the body and fetters the mind,
And always has been a ſad foe to mankind.
Pray keep her,—from home let her never depart,
For miſchief continually lurks in her heart;
If ſhe e'er goes about, her vagaries purſuing,
Some mortal or other ſhe'll certainly ruin.

VIRGIL'S

VIRGIL's SECOND ECLOGUE IMITATED.

The Author of the following VERSIFICATION *is too diffident of his own abilities to think himſelf equal to Virgil in poetical genius; yet he hopes the public will pardon him in the liberty he has taken of ſubſtituting* Neæra *for* Alexis: *He preſumes the paſſion of* Corydon *will appear much more natural.*

CORYDON AND NEÆRA.

COME Clio, come, ſweet Heliconian dame,
By whoſe aſſiſtance bards ariſe to fame;
Aſſiſt my numbers, aid me to rehearſe,
The woes of PASTOR-CORYDON, in verſe.
He, whoſe cold boſom, pity ſcarce could move,
Now burns in flaming calentures of love
For fair NEÆRA of the fertile plain,
The darling of a potent, wealthy ſwain,
Without ſucceſs: regardleſs of his care
She left him quite abandon'd, to deſpair.

He

He ſhuns his flocks; with tardy motion roves
Among the woods and ſolitary groves;
Or lies reclin'd within the dreary ſhade,
Where ſtately beeches cloſe embow'ring ſpread:
There, all alone, in ſolitude he mourns,
Or ſighs, or weeps, or ſtupid ſits by turns;
O'ercharg'd with grief;—at length he ſilence breaks,
His indigeſted thoughts at random ſpeaks;
To woods, and winds, and mountains he complains,
And woods and rocks return the doleful ſtrains.

Ah! cruel maid! what comfort does it bring,
When to the lyre I like Apollo ſing?
Harſh and diſcordant now my lute appears,
Since adder-like NEÆRA ſtops her ears:
No kind attention mitigates my woes,
No pity from her ſnowy boſom flows;
Tho' probity may meet her cold diſdain,
And conſcious worth may lengthen out my pain;
Her piercing ſcorn will ſtop my vital breath,
And ſink me in the frozen arms of death.

Now

ow golden Phœbus ſhoots his fiery beams,
ſhines refulgent in his noon-tide gleams;
cattle faint beneath his ſultry heat,
after ſhades, and ſeek a cool retreat:
hazle-copſe, the fern, the thorny-brake
ceals the viper and the folded ſnake;
greeneſt lizard there may find a place,
t loathſome crawler of the reptile race:
there Theſtylis pounds the mountain thyme,
h full-grown garlic, gather'd in it's prime;
ng ſcented herbs, for fainting reapers made,
o ſeek the ſpreading oak's extenſive ſhade.

it to the locuſt's tireſome hoarſer tone,
l my complaints, the woods and groves alone
eat the ſound, while I diſtracted run;
trace thy ſteps beneath the ſcorching ſun.
it not better far, that I had borne
pride of Amaryllis mixt with ſcorn?
vas it not a better choice t' endure
free embraces of a Negro-Moor?

Her choiceſt favors, conſtantly to ſhare,
Tho' ſhe was black; tho' thou art young and fair?
Ah! comely maid, who would to beauty truſt?
Fam'd Grecian Helen was but poliſh'd duſt.
While privets fall, neglected hang their heads,
And die unheeded in their native beds;
The purple hyacinths, tho' not ſo fair,
Are gather'd, and requite the floriſt's care:
To me, NEÆRA, no regard is ſhown,
Thou quite neglecteſt hapleſs CORYDON.
Coy ſhepherdeſs, when to thy fold I came,
Not once did'ſt thou vouchſafe to aſk my name;
How rich in flocks of fair heſperian breed,
What herds of kine do in my meadows feed.
In Sicily a thouſand ewes of mine
Their ſnowy fleeces yearly do reſign;
Beſide their dams a thouſand lambkins play,
Or unreſtrained o'er the mountains ſtray.
Thro' vernal months 'till Syrius prevails,
Redundant ſtreams of milk flow from my pails;

When

When Sol retires and frigid Boreas reigns,
And binds the rivulets in icy chains;
Or when black Eurus from the eaſt does blow,
And fills the champaign deep with virgin ſnow;
The gen'rous heifer quits the open fields,
And in the ſtall her unctious liquor yields,
When Theban-Amphion upon attic plains
Attun'd his lyre to ſymphonizing ſtrains;
The herds and flocks approach'd him all around,
And ſtones aſſembled at the magic ſound:
Such airs I often warble to my ſong,
While vocal woods the dulcet ſtrain prolong.

Nor am I ſo deform'd in ſhape or mind,
To cauſe NEÆRA to prove thus unkind;
I've ſymmetry with ſweet politeneſs join'd:
As on the verdant ſhore I poſing ſtood,
And view'd myſelf within the limpid flood,
When Æolus had ſcour'd the briny deep,
And wrapt the ſurly winds in gentle ſleep:

Without timidity I will compare
With paſt'ral Daphnis, tho' he's young and fair;
Thyſelf ſole judge, 'twixt the contending two,
If the reflected image tells me true.

O would'ſt thou once conſent with me to dwell,
In ſweet retreats, or court the rural cell;
With bow, and barbed ſhafts, or burniſh'd ſpear,
Purſue the chace, and pierce the tender deer;
Or with a bunch of pliant twigs to bring
A flock of kids unto the cryſtal ſpring;
Thro' ſylvan walks, or in the poplar ſhed,
Where Pan purſu'd coy Syrinx when ſhe fled;
With me the ſoft ſicilian ſtrains prolong,
We'll rival Pan's peloponeſian ſong.
Great Pan firſt taught the nymphs, and ruddy ſwains,
That dwelt on fair Arcadia's fat'ning plains,
With ductile wax ladonian reeds to join;
How ſounds unite; how intervals combine.
Great Pan left mighty Jove's imperial courts
To cheer the plains and govern rural ſports;

From

From prowling wolves while villagers do ſleep,
Pan guards the ſhepherds and the tender ſheep.

Nor be averſe thy coral lip to wear
With ſhepherd's reed, or touch the ſprightly air;
Or if thoſe ſlender fingers thou would'ſt prove,
Attune the lute to melting ſongs of love.
What mighty pains did not Amyntas take
To learn to trill the undulating ſhake?
This more than threefold art of mine he plays
In all it's moods, it's various cliffs and keys.
A pipe I have whoſe parts compactly join,
Sev'n diff'rent reeds in harmony combine;
Sometime ago Damœtas kind and free
By gen'rous act transfer'd the ſame to me;
Damœtas ſaid with ſoft expiring tone,
It's ſecond maſter ſhall be CORYDON;
My lateſt will and teſtament declare
I make, ordain, and conſtitute him heir:
Amyntas grudg'd the liberal bequeſt,
And now pale envy rancours in his breaſt.

Beſides two young he-goats I lately found,
Deep in a flow'ry valley, on the ground;
Not without danger I the kids convey'd
Safe to the flock, from which their mother ſtray'd;
Their tender ſkins with freckled ſpots are grac'd,
For their loſt dam, a loving ewe is plac'd;
Each day they drain her flowing udder dry,
From thence their craving appetites ſupply:
Theſe I reſerve for thee thou faireſt fair,
If thou wilt now accept the dapple pair.
Theſtylis long has crav'd the doubtful boon
With meek requeſt, and ſhe ſhall have them ſoon;
The voice of reaſon ſays they are her due,
Since my beſt favors are diſdain'd by you:
But oh! come hither lovely ſhepherdeſs,
And with thy ſmiles thy frantic lover bleſs;
Behold the nymphs the crowded baſkets bring,
Replete with lillies of the verdant ſpring;
For thee fair Naias crops the violets blue,
With heads of poppies of vermillion hue;

Joins

the Narciſſus with ſweet aniſe flow'rs,
ecorate the grots and cooling bow'rs:
e Caſſia too, with fragrant herbs ſhe weaves,
ines th' empalements with the tender leaves;
theſe the ſtems and roots ſhe cloſe enfolds
acinths, and ſaffron marygolds.
f will gather and preſerve for thee
e downy quinces from the choiceſt tree;
my fair the bluſhing peach approves,
ıeſnuts which blithe Amaryllis loves,
ıll the gardens and the fruitful groves;
e when collected I will give to you,
bs alſo I will add of waxen hue;
pulpy fruit henceforth I'll honor more
any other of Pomona's ſtore.
irſt of plants, O laurel, thou art deem'd;
myrtle's next in dignity eſteem'd;
r branches mixt, when fragrant myrtles bloom,
e their ſweets and breathe a rich perfume.

Ah!

Ah! CORYDON, thou art a ſilly tool,
To flatter thus, and thus thyſelf befool;
What fatal ſtupor will not let thee ſee
NEÆRA neither minds thy gifts, nor thee?
Or, if by preſents thou could'ſt hope to find
Dear-bought relief and change her adverſe mind;
From ſuch foundation could'ſt thou hope to build,
Would Iolas thy much richer rival yield?
Alas! what tortures agitate my ſoul,
What calm repoſe can half my woes control?
The lucid hours from CORYDON are flown,
And I alas! am ruin'd and undone;
Lo burning Auſter with fierce vengeance pours
His baleful breath among my choiceſt flow'rs;
While ſavage boars their filthy ordure bring,
And ſoon alas! pollute my cryſtal ſpring.
"Ah! ſimple damſel, whom doſt thou deſpiſe?
"The gods to live in woods have left the ſkies;
"And god-like Paris, in fair Ida's grove
"To Priam's wealth prefer'd Oenone's love."

Did

Did Pallas firſt the ſtately temples rear,
Whoſe domes aſpiring in the clouds appear?
In grandeur there let their ſage foundreſs dwell:
With us, let woods, and groves, and bow'rs excel.
The lioneſs the ſavage wolf purſues,
The browſing goat the prowling wolf would loſe;
The goat purſues the ſweet cytiſus flow'r,
And fair NEÆRA's ſweet attractive pow'r
Draws CORYDON from the green myrtle-bow'r.

Thus inſtinct dictates, and fierce paſſions ſway,
And each is by his pleaſure drawn away.
Now ſee the lab'ring ſteers bring home the plough
Borne lightly on the harneſs'd yoke, and now
The ſun retreating to the Weſtern-main,
Projects the growing ſhaddows o'er the plain:
But love, relentleſs, his ſtrong force reſumes,
Preys on my vitals and my health conſumes.

What bounds immenſe, what univerſal ſway
Has love? when all the mighty gods obey.

Ah,

Ah, CORYDON! how to thyſelf unkind?
What ſenſeleſs frenzy agitates thy mind?
What ſad neglect in thy concerns remain!
Thy half prun'd vines the leafy-elms ſuſtain.
O why at leaſt doſt thou not rather try
To weave the oſiers, and thy labours ply;
Or make of ruſhes which the brooks produce,
Some ſort of implement for future uſe?
By prudent actions let NERA know
Young CORYDON can yet ſurmount his woe;
Bid ſcorn defiance, and out live his pain:
Another nymph may ſmile, if ſhe diſdain.

R. CHAMBERLAI

FINIS.